

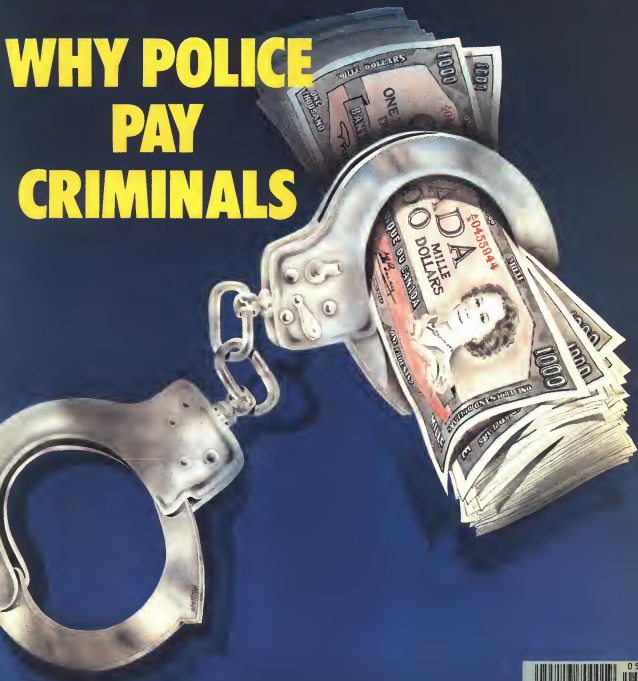
CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Maclean's

FEBRUARY 1, 1982

\$1.00

WHY POLICE PAY CRIMINALS



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Maclean's



Why police pay criminals

The signs of Clifford Olson's surgery and the blood money paid to find out where he had hidden the bodies of his 11 known victims took on a more ominous tone last week. Canadians pondered the whole question of twilight justice and cried out for satisfactory answers about how often police pay for information, how liberally they do so—and whether they should do it at all.



A rich variety of northerners met last week to discuss the future of their land. —Page 28

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There was a sense of déjà vu in the mass arrests of strike leaders in India. — *Page 31*



Life hasn't been smooth in Zimbabwe as a society is uneasily transformed. — *Page 17*



An ambitious study of the warm
bowels promises insights into
Earth's magnetism. — *Page 53*



It's so tough to be a feminist in the U.S. that Gloria Steinem is looking to Thailand. — Page 28

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1. *Wendlandt, Thomas, and Jonathan*



INTRODUCING du MAURIER LIGHT



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EDITORIAL

Solidarity and Ol' Blue Eyes: the sleaziest Polish joke of all

By Peter C. Newman

Ronald Reagan's first move was to ease Gen. Wojciech Jaruzelski's iron grip on Poland with a television spectacular starring Frank Sinatra and Pierre Trudeau may well rank as the worst U.S. blunder since Pearl Harbor.

To illustrate the agony of a nation with the trifling of a drowsily connected emcee assures to a rarely precluded ad of overblown, even in its usual level of good taste that passes for American culture. This Polish beer's producer, Martin Fausta, whose more customary speed is the cotton candy world of Oscar extravaganzas, is planning to put Sinatra's soundtrack of a song called *Ever Rosewood* "videod over with current songs from Poland—tanks and that sort of thing." It's a little like getting Meat Loaf to grant *But Out of Hell* in a documentary on the Crucifixion. Can the Bee Gees be far behind?

The very notion that a television show, even if elegantly conceived, would either soften the Kremlin's resolve or, in some undetectable way, absolve Poland's suffering is almost naive enough to be endearing. "Leszci Budy," you can imagine Brezhnev's version of Harry Pansetta telling his Politburo how "nice we wind up on those Solidarity cuts. Who knew we got to match pipes with Frankie Ruby or Chuck Heston?"

Reducing the Polish crisis to show biz clichés is sadly consistent with the American handling of the issue since tanks took over the streets of Poland last Dec. 14. The argument about whether Jaruzelski responded to Soviet pressure or, as Trudeau has maintained, moved to save Poland from a worse fate, is irrelevant. Through the medium of martial law, the U.S.S.R. has yet again set precise boundaries on how the inhabitants of its satellite states may act.

The true purpose of Warsaw's martial law declaration was to crush Solidarity, which had attracted 16 million members—including one-third of the Polish Communist party. Their rallying cause was not to subvert communism but simply to decentralize and modernize an economy that clearly wasn't working.

The U.S. response has been to punish further the long-suffering Poles by denying them Western aid. Now, to blow away their troubles like the bubbles in pink champagne, they are to be beneficiaries of Washington's TV super special. It is not yet clear whether the efficiency of Soviet jamming devices will spare the Poles from having to witness last ultimate indignity. But the whole farce is somehow reminiscent of Georges Clemenceau's comment after spending some time teaching at a girls' school in Constantinople: "Americans," concluded the French statesman, "have no capacity for abstract thought and make bad coffee."

Maclean's

February 1, 1982

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CBC's changes

It enrages me to see that the heavily subsidized CBC needed from 1997 until two weeks ago to change the viewing time for the news and to come up with a Canadian ripoff of *60 Minutes* (Globe, Jan. 18). As for *The Journalist*, poor Mr. Flinlay is assigned little more than the announcement of commercial breaks. Barbara Frum shows a lot of political favoritism and has a nasty habit of constantly interrupting guests and allowing two people to speak at the same time. Is this the production Frum thinks "Canadians have deserved all along"? I don't think I can take a second week!

—BOB MARTIN

Vancouver

The facts about the great one

As long as *Maclean's* devoted a two-filled third paragraph to Wayne Gretzky's record-smashing 50 goals in 58 games (Sports, Jan. 14), you could at least keep all of the facts correct. It was early last April when Gretzky set the new records of 394 points and 339 assists, and he had already been 20 years old for nearly four months, not 16, as you stated.

—C. WATSON

Ottawa

Blood money and the mass media

I am appalled at the self-righteous hypocrisy exhibited by the media regarding the payment of money to the family of mass murderer Clifford Olson in BC (Canada Jan. 28) Newspaper.

PASSAGES



CONNECTED Celebrated prison author Jack Henry Abbott, 36, of anti-establishment fame, died on the July 1981, stabbing death of New York City writer Richard Adams.

PROSECUTOR The 32-member jury expected a prosecution plea that Abbott be found guilty of murder in the accident which took place only six weeks after Abbott's mentor, Pulitzer Prize-winning author Norman Mailer, helped to secure his release from prison. Sentencing is set for Feb. 26 after a court-ordered psychiatric examination.

DEPUTY Gen. Seymour Topping, 64, first deputy chief of the Soviet KGB security force, in Moscow after a long illness from 1993, the beginning of his security career. Topping remained a staunch supporter of conservative forces in the Soviet Communist party. He was in



A Canadian ripoff with favoritism

magazine. TV and radio people have been doing the same thing for years in competition to obtain, at fabulously high prices, the exclusive stories of murderers, thieves and robbers. If it can be proven that people are, or have been, committing crimes in the hope of expectation of a payoff, then all payoffs should be made illegal.

—DANIEL LORAN

Burlington, Ont.

Trivia and Insultation

Your description of Allan Gotlib-Greif, Dec. 71, the new incumbent of Canada's top diplomatic job abroad, was both silly and machievous. Silly, because instead of evaluating for your readers Gotlib's accomplishments and a word about what he achieved at the consular, immigration, employment and immigration or external affairs departments—we were treated to fulsome gos-

sip about such trivia as his taste in horse farming and the color of his suits. Machievous, because your writer manages to minimize that his appointment, which follows a well-grounded Canadian tradition of selecting former undersecretaries of state for internal affairs as particularly equipped to represent Canada in the United States, is something less than a happy one.

—M. M. TAIT
Ottawa
Minister to the European Communities
Bureau 6

Missing the mark

Nail Boyd, taking a *WELL*-known Police (Police, Jan. 18) is, instead, well off target. He suggests that reducing the drug laws will not increase marijuana use. Of course it will. Ask any police officer in Ontario, for example, what happened when the drinking age was lowered from 21 years to 18 years. The only reasonable thing that Mr. Boyd said was that he would not encourage his students to use the stuff. I imagine a few parents will be relieved to hear that.

—JOAN TRAMER

Don Mills, Ont.

An estimated \$60 million to \$100 million of the Canadian taxpayer's money being spent for the prosecution of marijuana offenders is ludicrous. Although I neither confuse the use nor the legalization of cannabis, I do believe the time is ripe for the Ottawa bureaucrats to re-evaluate the Le Dain commission's recommendations. To impose incarceration on users of cannabis is both cruel and an infringement on the human rights of the individual.

—BETH TAYLOR

St. Catharines, Ont.



strumental in the 1976 clampdown on *Quebecers* such as Nobel Peace Prize winner Andre Sakharov.

OWN Wilfred Taylor, 35, wife of a columnist and noted thoroughbred breeder R.F. Taylor, at the couple's Barbra Streisand home married since 1977. Mrs. Taylor once raced her own horses but retired to the sidelines as a presenter after her husband's horse barn here in the 1997 Queen's Place.



DIED Eduardo Frei, 71, former Chilean president (1964 to 1970), is a Santiago, Chile, hospital following operations for a liver ailment. A staunch anti-Communist member of the Christian Democratic Party, Frei was critical of his socialist successor, Salvador Allende, and in the past two years he headed the opposition against Augusto Pinochet's authoritarian regime.

TRADED: Popular Toronto Maple Leafs hockey team captain Darryl Sittler, 31, to the Philadelphia Flyers. Following a well-publicized, protracted vendetta with team owner Harold Ballard Sittler, who has been with the Leafs since his rookie season 32 years ago, was the team's all-time leading scorer. Flyers owner Ed Snider described him last week as a "veteran who can help us win the Stanley Cup."

REASSIGNED: Michel Ray, 50, from his position as editor-in-chief of Montreal's influential French-language newspaper *Le Devoir*, to assume the editorial page editorship of its rival, *La Presse*. Ray, who is considered to be one of Quebec's leading editorial writers, has been in charge of all editorial operations at *Le Devoir* for the last 10 of his 22 years at the paper.

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No comfortable press for the Philist

Setting the record straight

The cover story God's New Warriors (Jan. 4) contained outdated and erroneous information about our country, especially when it said, "In the Philippines today, all media is measured under martial law." To set the record straight, martial law was officially terminated by President Ferdinand Marcos on Jan. 17, 1981. Press censorship, imposed for a brief period at the start of the emer-

gency rule, was lifted in early 1973—even when the country was still under martial rule. —HERNANDO CALAMARAN, *Consul General of the Philippines, Toronto*

In your cover story, the article *The Magic of the Multitudes* describes Dr. U. Everett Kaup's two-day presentation, "Whatever Happened to the Human Race, as a civilization's extravaganza. One would wonder if your writer has even read Dr. Kaup's book of the same title. Does he believe that more than 10 million abortions in the U.S. since 1973 and more than half a million in Canada since 1969 have benefited the human race?" Does he expect that the ever-increasing proportion of the population over 65 will be supported by a small proportion of taxpayers some 20 or 30 years hence? If human life is not sacred, euthanasia is not as unthinkable as legal abortion once was.

—KATHLEEN HENDERSON
Oso Shores, Ont.

As a Christian, some of the assumptions underlying your cover story on "erfitten" religious aspects, but did not surprise me. You say, "When religion and politics mix, it is religion that loses its credibility." If this is true, you have thrown out the entire Bible. Is it religion and politics are not separated; a widespread misrepresentation of scripture results in a "doubling" separating the "heavens" from the "earthly," but biblically there is no such distinction. When something is radically wrong with the society and the economic system within which we live, as it is with ours, it is faithful religious being "radical." Jesus was not killed for calling people to it in comfortable pews.

—ROY JANET REYMAN
Toronto

Clash between faith and reason

It was ironic to see in your overview of last year's science and technology (*Images of '84*, Dec. 26) the oft-cited reference to "so-called scientific creationism" shrouded by the (mis) administration that order is nature (Batu's rings) in proof of an orderly creator, God, and not random chance. While scientific creationists are accumulating a wealth of evidence to support their position, the evolutionist camp, faced with the growing disparity between its hypothesis and scientific data, is resorting to such fantasies as "Mother Nature," the "Miracle of Evolution" and extra-terrestrial beings for support. Perhaps there is a clash between "faith and reason," but the odds have been reversed.

—DE P. WHITLER
Ewa, Ont.

Credit where it is due

I would have enjoyed your article on Toronto's new Massey Hall and its technical wonders (A/Rising as *Amusement* at *Toronto Park*, Technology, Jan. 4) even more had you not omitted to mention the name of the great lady whose work was instrumental in the creation of the unique "acoustic chandelier." Marjorie Rossouw-Venemier is one of Canada's most respected fibre artists. She devoted years to helping architect Arthur Erickson and acoustician Theodore J. Schaeffer create the very-quietly adjustable acoustical banners.

—LILIANNE STUCKY
Toronto, N.S.

Tensions in the subcontinent

Peter Simonson's article on the buildup of aggression between India and Pakistan, *The Diverging Clouds of War* (World, Dec. 14), gives an incorrect impression of the relations between the two countries. India is a peaceful country, not because it is fond of the talk of peace, but because peace is the very fibre of India's makeup. Since Pakistan's independence in 1947, the U.S. has repeatedly supplied it with the latest military weaponry, which Pakistan has used for the sole purpose of launching new military adventures against India. Pakistan continues to illegally occupy nearly half of the Indian state of Jammu and Kashmir and has also repeatedly threatened the United States. Moreover, Pakistan continues to be ruled by a handful of self-appointed military brass whose main plank for survival is suppression at home or the bogy of war against India.

—JANAKANT KUMAR
Dorham, N.S.

Back to the history books

I read Barbara Anis's column in order to be amazed by her right-wing sneering just as I am diverted by left-wing snipes. But her most recent incantation (*Stop Waiting for the GPM* the Broad, Jan. 4) is not at all amazing. It is Marxist-wind incanting—political pamphletizing.

If Anis can find "no good reason for Canadian nationalism or our separate identity from the United States," then she should read more Canadian history and more American history. In fact, generally she should read a lot more and write a lot less.

—LARRY BLACK
Oshawa

Letters are edited and may be condensed. Writers should supply name, address and telephone number. Most correspondence to: Editor in the Editor, Mailroom, 100 University Ave., Toronto, Ont. M5S 1A7.

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Housewives are people too!

By Sandra Gutlieb

Loyal wives, whether they are married to politicians, politicians, real men, have become the focus of negative news: loyal wives of living vicariously and of not conforming to the "correct" image of the new "Dream Woman." Yet *Dream Woman* is no more than an invention of the advertising types of Madison Avenue, pandering to the fantasies of naive feminists. What's wrong with elevating your husband's husband? Good citizens' wives do it as a matter of habit. Or of scheming and plotting to help your husband's career? Loving political wives have no qualms about it. In contrast, that repellent creature, the Virgin Strife "You're come a long way, baby" woman, has abandoned her mops, chemisers and brush hair, and is now the president of a

staying and coexisting company. She might clean the bathtub of her real estate lover as an erotic exercise, once, but she knows that sexual titillation would utterly vanish if removing his real prize were to become her daily chore. At one time she might have been called selfish, but not today.

Women who appear to subordinate their personal fulfillment because they have no careers are made to feel half human by the propaganda of the women's liberation movement and the media. Yet the support and stability they offer their families cannot be understated. A friend of mine, whose husband is one of the most successful men in his field, is alarmed at the inevitable cold-war position. "And what do you do?" "I'm no one and my wife," she responds, as her companion quickly turns away. "I wish I could say that I'm a true manufacturer," she confesses, "then I'd be fascinating to talk to." Nancy Reagan is attacked by the media because she's ambitious for her husband and likes pretty clothes. Ironically, though, she never enters a well-defined career woman who determinedly further her own ambition. Puffy wives and mothers are out. Assertive working women in *Page Dumbway* megadollars blouses are in.

These days the assertive working woman is not only the role model of feminist magazines like *Ms.* and *Glamour* like *Compensation*, but, interestingly, she has become the poster-babe of such Canadian home-makers' institutions as *Chic* and *Woman's Choice* used to dedicate its editorial to "Perfect Domestic Bliss"—remember that wife with seven children who could chicken the same day the cheerfully entertained her husband's boss at dinner—the magazine nowadays has banned this domestic wizard from its pages. A single issue (October, 1981) features three articles about Christine's new ideal woman: The Mover and Shaker—and her career-woman sister. She's a woman doctor interested in various issues, her sisters are "women in pharmacies" and "bright new women artists." How can Christine's editors ignore that about 50 per cent of Canadian women are still housewives? At that, it may be surprising that a good portion of the women who claim to be wage earners

work for an little as six weeks a year. In a 1980 U.S. Gallup poll, three women in four indicated that marriage and children were still essential ingredients of the ideal life. Why are their interests and concerns not reflected in our media?

Don't misunderstand me—I am not spouting moral rights for women. If a woman wants to become a high flier in the corporate world or bottom drill in a coal mine, she should have the same opportunity as a man. Let's not understand why feminists scorn the 20th-century work world of men. Daily work from nine till late becomes a treadmill. And from my experience, most businessmen, public servants, politicians and town manufacturers think and talk exclusively about their own narrow concerns. Their conversation consists of, "me latest deal," "my new promotion," "my importance to the voters," and "why my losses are better than the competition's." It's all narcissism and fatuous egotism. I'd

rather talk to their wives, who know how to listen and who are capable of laughing at themselves.

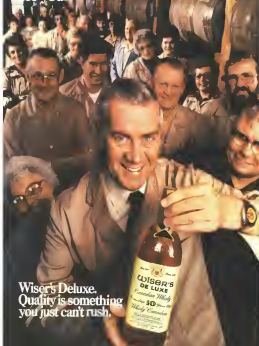
I consider myself an "appendix" wife. I married at 18 with no thought of becoming anything but a wife and mother. While raising my three children, it never occurred to me that I was an inferior specimen of female because I didn't have a paying job. I was lucky. *Dream Woman* had not yet been invented to make me feel guilty and diminished. My husband did not drive me, buttable, or even enter the kitchen—the sight of raw chicken legs lying on the counter makes him feel uneasy—

yet this was never a contentment issue in our marriage. After my youngest child was at school full time, I found that I had time to take up writing. But I always planned my work around my husband's hectic schedule, for too much emphasis on my "freedom" might threaten something enduring in our lives—the fact that marriage and family come first.

During these years I discovered that women whose sense of self value did not rest on their careers, they had chosen to stay at home as natural givers. They have time to give to their families, their friends, and they can take on a multitude of worthwhile volunteer activities. I can't help but feel that if every woman had a full-time paying job, both women as individuals and society in general would be shortchanged. Whether it be helping in the hospitals, raising money for the arts or artificial marriage, or even making a gift of a party—all are activities that contribute to a civilized society. As Barbara Gennat Harmon wrote in the October issue of *Respect*, "If the real work of the world is that which extends into the future, that which is not ephemeral, and that which sustains life, we are talking about poetry, and bread and butter. Caring for a family is not ephemeral, but lasting work. Women who deliberately stay at home for reasons of the heart are actually as liberated as the women and children. It's time they stopped feeling debased by the media or the ideologues of the women's movement."

Sandra Gutlieb is an author and the wife of Canada's new ambassador to Washington.

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Keith Caldwell,
Vice-President, Exploration, Gulf Canada Resources Inc.

Over the past two decades Gulf Canada, and other members of the industry, spent billions of dollars on exploration programs that only recently resulted in significant discoveries in the Beaufort Sea, the Arctic Islands and off the coast of Newfoundland. But when we first started risking the money, the possibility of oil in these areas existed only in the minds of our earth scientists.

Searching for and discovering oil is an act of faith supported by knowledge, instinct, money and a little bit of luck. The more people we have providing the faith, knowledge and instinct – not to mention money – the sooner Canada can reach oil self-sufficiency.

There are complex techniques for locating the underground structures that might contain oil. But somebody has to dare to test a theory where to apply these techniques in the first place.

One way of looking beneath the earth's surface is to take seismic readings. To do that geophysicists detonate explosive charges and record the sound waves that bounce back. Using sensitive instruments and computers they draw a kind of "x-ray" of structures which are thousands of feet below the earth's surface. When they see a promising structure, the drillers go to work. But even with the complex techniques used, the risk is so



Keith Caldwell, Vice President, Exploration, Gulf Canada Resources Inc., was born and raised in Githen Plains, Manitoba. He graduated from University of Manitoba with M.Sc. in Geology. Among his pastimes: fishing, cycling and playing the alto sax.

great that, more often than not, we find that the structure which looked promising contains no oil.

Huge risks

On land it costs a million dollars or more to drill 10,000 feet down. To drill a single hole at sea, in Hibernia off the Newfoundland coast, for instance, costs about \$40 million. Before they finally struck oil, Gulf and other explorers spent almost a billion dollars drilling in the sea bed off Canada's east coast. These vast sums of money were risked on the best proposals of people experienced in the science of discovering oil.



How were oil-bearing rocks created on the bitterly cold wastelands of northern Canada? Scientists believe that the continents have slowly drifted to their *some 400 million years ago* the Arctic islands actually lay close to the equator. Sometime in the past, sediments settled to the bottom of the sea to be transformed by heat and pressure into the black ooze that is crude oil. It takes experience and a touch of intuition for Gulf scientists to deduce where it lies today.

The cost of drilling and exploration is gigantic. But the bulk of that money is spent in Canada to pay Canadian salaries, to buy manufactured equipment, pumping money into the Canadian economy.

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The more companies who work at exploring for and developing new supplies of Canadian oil, the sooner Canada can reach oil self-sufficiency. We'll need encour-

agement for many more successful teams of scientists and experts, like Gulf's, to seek and find new oil in vast unexplored areas, even in places where it yet exists only as an idea in men's minds. We'll need massive capital investment from many sources to reach self-sufficiency.

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The Canadian team that has made Gulf Canada so successful in exploration and development is no accident. Gulf chooses its people carefully for ability, ambition and drive. Over the years they work together, share experience, bounce ideas off one another, get better at their jobs. They are involved, motivated people, pleased to be playing a key role in helping their country.

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and market Gulf products, are Canadians whose interests lie in the future of Canada.



Gulf geologist, Dr. Brian Hild, studies a seismic profile – a sort of "x-ray" of the layers of rock beneath the surface. Gulf's teams of experts use information like this to help decide where to drill.



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Seeking a treasure of silver and gold

By Andy Turnbull

Not long ago, the Caribou Mountains in the British Columbia interior belonged largely to the beavers and the squirrels, interrupted only by an occasional logger or lone prospector. For the past 11 years, however, a patch of the rugged hills has been swarmed with people clinking bits of paper gazing intently into middle distance and whispering to each other about winged serpents and Indian cave drawings. Some can be found along the old fire, eyes to the ground in the snowy sun as they coast out 1958 railway ties. Others wait by the edge of a lake after dark, hoping to see the pattern of a cross on the water by moonlight. "We see fox and moose houses creeping through on roads that are about three feet wide because they've been washed out, and people walking and riding motorcycles." It's like Grand Central Station with all the people out there," says one Kamloops resident.

These are the treasure seekers, tramping over tree stumps and wading through muddy ponds in search of a hoard of antique silver coins worth more than \$20,000 (which are "hidden yet can be seen," according to one particularly baffling chest and five smaller chests buried somewhere in the bush. It's known as the Kamloops Central Treasure, one man's way of celebrating the British Columbia centennial in 1971. A wealthy prospector hid his coin collection—152 kg of coins dated from 1850 to 1971—somewhere near the North Thompson River about 300 km north of Kamloops and left it there for anyone to find. Three clues to the location were published in *The Kamloops News* when the hunt began, and three more clues have been released each year since. The latest clues,



Party of treasure hunters. Lower Mowat Lake (below) is thought to be close to the main treasure

published this month, are

- Between asphalt highway and river is placed an aluminum disc showing compass bearing and distance to main treasure. Look for tree stump.
- By tunnel, on cleared area is tree, its shadow success bearing and exact distance to main treasure.
- Eight paces from centre of old

highway is buried 180 silver quarters (1908s). Lies between first & 1/2 rd crossing and Wolfenden. Hidden quarters close to water.

The fact that no one, out of the thousands who have trekked through the snow, has turned up so much as a penny of buried treasure might lead one to suspect that the whole thing is an elaborate hoax. And yet Mac Rothemberg, editor of *The Kamloops News*, says, "I'm sure the treasure hunt is for real." *The Kamloops News* ran a photo of the coins, taken just before they were hidden, by Neil MacDonald, then a staff photographer and one of the few who actually knows the name of the donor. Other members of *The Kamloops News* staff are still in the dark. "All I know about it," says Rothemberg, "is that someone slips an envelope through the slot some night in January and I have a new set of clues to print. I never had any direct contact with our Good Samaritan, and I don't know who he is."

One man who does know is an eccentric Kamloops resident who supposedly helped the donor hide the coins. Now acting as "outsider" for the donor, he checks the treasure twice a year to see if it has been found, and delivers the status to the newspaper. Like the donor, the outsider wishes to remain anonymous.

"Otherwise we'd never get any press," but he will talk to a reporter, provided his name is not used. Some suspect that he and the donor are in fact the same person, but even in private the outsider insists that two men planned it from the start.

"Everybody was talking about the [B.C.] centennial back in 1971," he says, "and this man wanted to do something special. We were chit-chatting over a beer one day, and the man insisted that he was getting tired of his coin collection—so I said, 'Why don't you bury it?'"

"That was a joke at

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first, but a couple of days later he called me to his house and he wanted to talk about it. He said if we buried it in a place where not too many people go, it would open the area up. And he figured it would also get the tourists out to do a lot of walking and see some of the country they live in. Most people in Kaniokop these days never get out into the woods."

All this has changed. Barry Sklar, who runs the Elsinore Lake Campground at Blue River, about 12 km north of the treasure area, encounters hundreds of treasure hunters every day. "It's crazy," he says. "We had two couples who came up from Kaniokop with about six kids in early spring—while there was still 5% feet of snow on the ground—and they spent 10 days at there as snowbirds. They sure as hell came down to look every day. And then they were back in the summer for another two weeks."

Sklar is skeptical that such perseverance will bring rewards. "You know who's going to find that treasure? It's going to be someone just out for a stroll who doesn't know anything about it. He's going to stumble over it and he won't even know what it is." Like most nearby residents, Sklar says she has never spent time looking for the hoard.

According to Philip Rai, owner of the Avoca Motel, where a copy of the deed is posted in the lobby: "Most of the guys around here are loggers. They spend all day working around in the bush, and the last thing they want to do is to go back into the bush at a weekend."

Kaniokop businessman Larry Mak, on the other hand, hunts for the woods at every opportunity. He has even become a part-time prospector in his search for the treasure and has filed some claims in the area. Aside from the man who buried it, he claims to be "the greatest expert on that daggers treasure today." When Mak first saw some night jays, he knew it would be a clock to find the cache. "It looked so easy. I just couldn't believe that no one had found them. But then I drove up there and I stayed at a lookout and all I could see was trees. It was so dense I couldn't even see the



Wife (left), Sklar, getting families 'off their backs'

tree." Mak is not embarrassed about his obsession, but he says other treasure seekers are. "Two strangers will meet out there in the bush and one will ask the other, 'You looking for the treasure?' And then the other will say 'No. Yes.' And then the first one will say he's not looking for it either. But

search area is roughly 24 square miles by using a special "contourline" clue," which limited it to a 12-km stretch of railway track starting about five kilometres north of Avoca. Earlier plans placed the treasure within about five kilometres of the track and near a lake. The special clue was necessary because important landmarks mentioned in earlier clues have been removed, some suspect by other treasure seekers. A logging chain wrapped around a tree in 1964, a date has been chiseled off a rock face, and a railway hat

lender has been removed from a tree. A porous blue rock, "eight feet high and fifteen feet long," has been buried by a landslide started by dynamite. A picture of a winged serpent carved on the rock was the main clue to the direction of 33 gold sovereigns, one of the four smaller treasures. Without it, experienced treasure hunters say, there is little hope of finding the sovereigns—worth between \$300 and \$500 each—whose burial site is now marked only by a small railway tie tuck hammered into a tree.

The four smaller riches, which include the sovereigns, 314 Victorian pennies, 31 50-cent coins and 100 silver quarters, are all buried separately from the main treasure. According to the custodian, the donor expected the original treasure to be found within a few years, and he buried the other treasures to continue the hunt.

Where will it all end? According to the agreement between the donor and the custodian, the custodian can claim all the treasure himself after Jan. 1, 1984, but he says he doesn't plan to. When the hunt is over, he says he will probably take the sovereigns but leave the silver coins for whoever finds them.

For the man who initiated it, the hunt has been worth its weight in coins, says the custodian. "It's gratifying to see families getting off their backs." But he denies that he has deliberately made discovery impossible in order to prolong the amusement indefinitely. "I really do want someone to find that treasure—but I don't want to lead them to it myself. On top of putting a man sign on it, I don't think I can do any more."



Photo of coins taken before they were hidden—clim-wagging over a beer

writer of them has to ask "What treasure?"

Some believe that the treasure can no longer be found. Suzi Sklar and her husband, Bill Mercer, who lectures in psychology at Carleton College, have been searching since they came to Kaniokop 20 years ago. "Now we know exactly where the treasure is. It's in a lake, and the level of the lake has risen drastically since 1971. The whole area has been flooded by a beaver dam."

The treasure is not lost, says the custodian, who last May narrowed the



Sklar-Peppia
MADE BY HANDS

Designed in Australia by Vincent Wong, a

Photo by Michael O'Connell. Photo by Michael O'Connell. Photo by Michael O'Connell.

The erosion of history

York Factory, 220 km southwest of Churchill, Man., is Canada's most important archeological site. Founded in 1688, the Hudson's Bay Co. depot traded with natives until 1957. Initially abandoned to the elements and to vandals who carried off hundreds of artifacts, the federal

government took over the site in 1968 following complaints by U.S. historians. But Parks Canada has done little to alter the history of neglect. A Canadian, Doug MacLachlan, was appointed in 1968 to run the site, but he was fired three years ago for a cost-cutting move. After 2½ years of legal battles, Mac-

Lachlan was reinstated from last November till late May. The depot is deteriorating, and the site is being shown a metre a year to riverbank erosion. In all years the 140-year-old depot is likely to fall into the river.

A confidential report prepared by Arthur Hay, a University of B.C. historian, for Parks Canada and sent to the minister of Indian and northern affairs in 1979, blasts Parks Canada for "neglect, mismanagement and short-sightedness" in its handling of the site. The report, obtained by Macleod's, concludes that "the whole manner in which upper management officials have dealt with the archeological resources of the park calls in question their ability to manage the country's heritage resources."

When a \$200,000 salvage archeology project runs out of money this summer, only two per cent of the site will have been excavated. In three years of digging—using half a dozen students for two months each summer—more than 190,000 artifacts have been catalogued, including staves, medicine bottles, weapons, tools and crockery. Thousands more have been washed into the river by erosion, and site archeologists say that 50 to 100 people could be excavating to preserve artifacts and map out a historical plan of York Factory before it is too late. It appears likely, however, that the site will be razed before that summer. Douglas Harper, director of the prairie region of Parks Canada, says, "We are excavating what's endangered by erosion, and I don't think we can do a lot more, though that isn't to say I don't think more archeological work could be done on the site."

Meanwhile, the third-floor roof still leaks, the lifts are rotting and up to 20 cm of water stands under more than 20 years ago Parks Canada engineers suggested the building be raised and rotting lifts replaced. Says Ray, "I'm afraid the old depot is going to fall down or burn down soon. The best thing that could happen would be for Parks Canada to demolish it and re-erect it in a less exposed or endangered site in the south."

Harper says Parks Canada is doing preventive maintenance work and would consider moving the depot if it were physically endangered. But a "management plan" for the site won't be ready for at least three or four years, he says. Ray, who believes that York's haunted tourist potential—it is accessible only by air or water—will always be in low priority with Parks Canada, says, "The bureaucracy is heavily wind-up-dressing—nothing is really happening. One day soon, it will be too late to save anything of our heritage."

—PETER CAULFIELD-GORDON

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DATELINE: ZIMBABWE



A revolution grapples with reality

By Caryl Murphy

From the rustling, breath-taking Victoria Falls to the cool, tree-filled mountain streams of Inyanga, forests are booked solid on weekends. In Salisbury, the capital, the sidewalks are lined with brightly blossoming trees. Restaurants, serving imported wine from South Africa and presents from Mozambique, are doing a brisk business, and shops are bustling with customers, black and white. In fact, the beauty and abundance that make this lushened country of nearly eight million the "jewel of Africa" are more than ever in evidence these days.

Just 21 months ago from white-run Rhodesia following a bloody seven-year insurgent war that left 30,000 dead, this emergent black-race state has been given billions of dollars in aid and loans of goodwill by the West in the hope of seeing it become an economically prosperous, multiracial democracy on a continent better known for its political strife and debt-ridden economies. The heady euphoria that accompanied Zimbabwe's independence is now gone, replaced by the strains and tensions of coping with the political and economic problems inherent in Prime Minister Robert Mugabe's

self-appointed task of revolutionizing Zimbabwe without destroying it. Having won independence, the government is tackling one of the long-held task of deciding what to do with its prize.

Though the restoration of peace has been one undeniable achievement, for the country's 170,000 whites life is now taking on a tinge of "the way we were." Certainly all their homes still have servants and swimming pools. Living costs and taxes are low—as inexpensive five-bedroom houses sell for \$40,000 (U.S.). Tennis courts, bowling greens and Bulawayo's Birdworld racetrack still draw crowds for fun, sun-filled hours. There's no more military duty, and res-

idents can now travel safely anywhere in the country. One British-born career officer in the former Rhodesian army who has stayed on to serve in Mugabe's defense force plans to stay as long as he can. "Look, it's a good life," he explained, sipping his gin and tonic. But for those who do not have either the racial open-mindedness or the stamina to cope with a country going through immense social change, the future is uncertain and unsettling. More than 10,000 people emigrated to white-ruled nations (mostly to South Africa) in the first eight months of last year, compared with 30,000 in the same period in 1980.

Though the white farmers are, for the most part, one-time they have grown used and crops, spared by top prices in a more stable economy—businessmen and technicians are uneasy and are leaving the country, causing a disturbing drain of vital skills. There is a growing concern among white Zimbabweans that Mugabe himself has turned against them. Not only are they worried about "good old Bob's" brand of socialism, but they are disillusioned by his harsh rhetoric against the people that, up to now, he has tended to caress. At a rally in Gwelo, Mugabe told his 40,000 black listeners that he has come to

Just a few of the estimated one million Zimbabwean peasants to be resettled (top); defiant whites (this page) are one.



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the conclusion that many whites have not altered their old racial attitudes. "From today, I give you my permission to hit anyone who calls you a kaffir," he said, using a derogatory term for blacks. "But don't hit the innocent, just those who maltreat you." He also lashed out at white businessmen for failing to recognize the contributions of their workers. "It is the blood and sweat of the workers that have made these people affluent," he said. Remarks to the Western diplomat, the honeymoon appears to be over.

While sensitivities are not Mugabe's only problem—the country's more than seven million blacks are increasingly restless over the slow pace of economic improvement and racial reforms. There have been scores of violent strikes by railroad and factory workers, black nurses and teachers. Though they all eventually went back to work, they made a point in challenging the black leaders they had put into power less than two years ago. The new order has brought rising aspirations, and meeting these has put a burden on Zimbabwe's economy. Western countries, especially the U.S., are wary of incentives to go. Have yet to venture into Zimbabwe in any significant way. The pressures are not only economic. The fear of rural blacks who were the brunt of the war are demanding a redistribution of land. But here Mugabe is on the horns of a dilemma: among 4,500 white farmers produce 80 per cent of Zimbabwe's food and much grain for export. If the peasants were allowed to take over the white farms, it would mean economic disaster.

So far Mugabe has not made any of the sweeping changes his self-avowed Marxist philosophy has promised. Zimbabwe still has a mixed economy, heavily weighted toward a large and active private sector. Companies have been nationalized and no land confiscated. Increasingly, the prime minister talks about creating a one-party state, though he promises that would only be done after the people had spoken through a referendum. Late last fall, the government issued a notice requiring political parties to



Sun-filled days of lawn bowling: the heady euphoria is now gone

obtain police permission for all meetings. At least two meetings of opposition parties have already been prohibited under the new regulation. The nation followed news reports that Mugabe's old rival, Bishop Abel Muzorewa, who joined former prime minister Ian Smith in a coalition government prior to independence, was drawing huge crowds at political meetings. Mugabe accused Muzorewa and Smith of conspiring with South Africa to arrest him and warned they would be "punished" if they continued with their "subversive statements." He was, he said, "giving them enough rope to hang themselves."

For reasons and not totally clear, Mugabe appears to feel threatened, and there are indications that not all the opposition is coming from outside his own government. A youthful wing of his party is agitating because it wants to see more radical political change. Some of the more ambitious party officials, it is said, are less cooperative than they appear in public. Already Mugabe has fired two ministers for openly criticizing the government. The first to go, Harrop Power Planning and Development Minister Edgar Tekere, embarrassed Mugabe with his involvement in the murder of a white farmer and then angered him with the

claim that "the revolution is running out of steam."

The most serious threat to Zimbabwe's stability is the country's worsening relationship with South Africa. As in everything else, Mugabe walks a tightrope in his dealings with "big brother." His dilemma is to distance Zimbabwe from a government whose racial policies it abhors while not being the hand that feeds it so hard that it ends up with only a cold shoulder—a disastrous development given Zimbabwe's dependence on South African railways and ports. Although Mugabe has refused to allow anti-Pretoria insurgents to use Zimbabwe as a staging base, which could result in immediate military reprisal from South Africa, he has not been reticent about verbal attacks on his southern neighbor. In late December, when Mugabe's political party officers were wrecked by a bush, Zimbabweans were quick to blame the deed on South African saboteurs, although there was no evidence to support the accusation.

The South Africans have reacted to an almost constant stream of provocative anti-apartheid rhetoric from Zimbabwean officials and media with a gentle economic warfare. They withdrew aid incentives after their lease ran out (they have since been returned, but notice they would not make a preferential trade agreement and the work permits of some 20,000 Zimbabweans living in South Africa, and last support to Zimbabwean guerrillas who disrupt Zimbabwe's shipments through that country to the sea. Pretoria also began requiring visas for Zimbabweans visiting South Africa. At one U.S. diplomat in Salisbury said: "I used to think that South Africa believed that it was in its best interests to have a stable Zimbabwe. Now I think Pretoria may have decided it's best to have a Zimbabwe that's in trouble so it can count on another black majority that has failed."

Nonetheless, more important than all the aid and support the West has offered, Zimbabwe's success will depend, to a large extent, on the acceptance of a madman viewed with its powerful, white-ruled neighbors. Perhaps of all the problems facing Mugabe, it will require of him the most tact, shrewdness and diplomacy. As black journalist Phil Minkels put it, "Harassing a revolution is one thing, running a country is quite another."



Mugabe one-to-one



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Why police pay criminals

By Thomas Hopkins

When convicted mass killer Clifford Olson walked into British Columbia's Okanagan correction centre last week, the tremors caused by his gruesome string of 11 murders reverberated across the country. At the same time, people inside and outside the judicial system debated and criticized the deal under which Olson's family was recently paid \$90,000 in return for Olson revealing the bodies of his victims to the police. "Presumptuously repugnant," said Alan Thorpe of the Ca-

nadian Civil Liberties Association. "The biggest judicial scandal in years," according to Montreal criminal lawyer Frank Schooley.

Even Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau was seized into the debate, defending the police officers and touting the call for a public inquiry into the debate a "may notice." Relatives of four of the dead children angrily met at the Hotel Vancouver to discuss suing the federal justice system for what they believe was a bungled investigation. Nor did the crash of the cell door end the shocks, as police in Edmonton and

Spokane, N.S., uncovered local residents linking Olson and young children—and West Coast Mounties talked consistently about something even more: victims of Olson's strategy.

Above and beyond the events and outcomes, a blur of outrage and urgency over larger issues raised by the Olson payoff spun in the January air like a weather vane gone wild. It involved the questions of how often police pay for information, how liberally they do so—and whether they should do it at all. The questions probed the regions of twilight justice, where cash, immunity from

prosecution and all manner of station-house deals are made.

To the public, the very idea of the RCMP secretly paying money to a criminal of Olson's infamy was shocking. The Canadian image of law enforcement has been largely noted in more romantic notions of good guys and bad, where commerce between police and child killers is unthinkable. But that was only last week's news. In the weeks that followed the Montreal arrests, lawyers and publishers widely agreed that the Olson payoff was merely an outrageous example of the kind of business that goes on among police, lawyers and the accused every day. Boys Toronto criminal lawyer Bernard Dickens calls it an utterly hypocritical exercise from the defence bar to be ignored like bargains, when all we do every day of our lives is make deals that are not that dissimilar to the Olson arrangement. "Meanwhile, modern civil instances of famous cases involving back-room bargaining, such as Toronto's Kirby case or the conviction, using a paid informer, of Vancouver's Palmer brothers (page 26)

There is no such thing as justice in the abstract. It is merely a compact between men.—Rousseau, 18th century

Although Canadian lawyers, politicians and politicians shrink from closer examination, the clandestine bargaining that consistently results in payoffs to criminals keeps the crime-free worlds of Canadian justice turning. Examples of twilight justice include payment in money or reduced charges to criminals for information, official or unofficial immunity from prosecution in exchange for testimony, possibly with a relaxation of sentencing and the provision of a whole new identity, plus bargaining.

The deals thrive on the kind of secrecy that the RCMP sought for the Olson payoff—until word of the payoff suddenly leaked out last September.

More details of the scheme continued to surface last week. Federal Solicitor General Robert Kaplan, suffering from apparent lapses in chronology, confirmed that he was not told of the RCMP scheme until Sept. 13 during a briefing at which RCMP Commissioner Robert Simmonds also learned of the payment. That was almost three weeks after it had been authorized by B.C. Attorney General Allan Williams and \$100,000 deposited in a trust account (its date only \$90,000 has been paid to Olson's family). Kaplan told Montreal's first heard about the deal from a reporter on Sept. 9. "It seemed absurd to me—I was disturbed by it," Kaplan, unfazed about the details of the Olson arrangement, had earlier said he was told before money was paid out. He confirmed now that the money had already been

transferred to the trustee before he was made aware of the bargain.

In another development, despite Kaplan's dramatic insistence that the word of the RCMP is its bond and that there would be no attempt to recover the Olson payoff, federal justice department lawyers wrestled throughout the week with the problem of getting back the money (44 per cent federal, 56 per cent provincial) by civil suit. The idea was eventually dropped, however, when it was denied, then admitted, withdrawing the payment, remained silent.

Kaplan, however, in an interview with Montreal's indicated that British Columbia was talking with the RCMP about sharing a suit. Meanwhile, the RCMP still maintains that it was hardly responsible. Kaplan insisted he had no power to stop the arrangement. When asked directly by Montreal's if he could have stopped it, he replied, "My answer is no." He reasoned that he could not interfere with an attorney general's

Above and beyond the events and outcomes, a blur of outrage spun in the air like a weather vane gone wild

constitutional right to administer justice. Nevertheless, the B.C. policing contract with Ottawa clearly states that "Application of professional police procedures" remains under Kaplan's control. The debate remains unresolved, and the people who are protesting the Olson deal will probably remain uncertain about where to direct their anger.

The aspect of secrecy, Jean Olson, hunkered down in her parents' Vancouver home, remained mute about her plans for the \$90,000 "blood money," complaining at one point to reporters "I don't really enjoy this." Even as speculation swirled around the Olson trust fund, witnesses began examining what University of Toronto law professor Bernard Dickens calls the "secret economy" of the Canadian judicial system—the marketplace for lowered charges, immunity and immunity. "The Olson case," says Dickens, "serves to bring to light the subterranean bargaining that goes on."

In the midst of more mundane police procedures, as officers might agree to drop a minor charge against a criminal if the was willing to leave an unblemished weapon—a sort of unofficial gun control. And a prostitute will be promised money and relocation to another city in return for testimony against her pimp. Concedes Kaplan, "A tremendous amount of police work is done through

bribery, evidence and dealing with sources and informers."

Clearly, payoffs are not something police are eager to talk about. Says lawyer Simmonds, "It's a very sensitive department in a typical case. He told Montreal's 'If we don't do it, I don't even want to talk about it. It's too touchy.' But payoffs, whether in money or the alteration of charges, are used, and used with discretion. They are made at least two reliable paid informants a condition of prosecution. Sherlock Holmes is a fine fictional character, but his methods have little to do with day-to-day crime processing. Signs are sending out the message: you're going to get good credits for information about criminal activities, the likelihood is that you're going to get it from criminals."

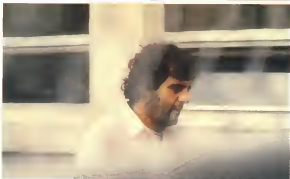
An information tip is far more useful to a policeman than a smugged finger-point. Says Vancouver criminal lawyer Harry Hadden "I've accused the attorney general is saying [the Olson payoff] is something new. It's just a bit more dramatic, but it happens every day."

Information about payments is classified. Police and Crown attorneys were about as candid as the public. That is not their only concern. "If we made these payments openly," says Toronto Police Sgt. Bob Bunklett, "we'd lose our credibility with the underworld." Although lawyer Greenstein speculates that the level of payment would be "staggering, just staggering," police forces tend to minimize them. Toronto police spend less than \$10,000 a year on such operations, with all funds authorized by a deputy chief, John Harcourt. "A large payoff would be \$500, but they rarely cross my desk—maybe two a month."

The Ontario Provincial Police, according to a senior official, spends around less than \$100,000 a year, feeding some 100 informants. The source of the money is also funded by sales of seized and confiscated property. "But the greatest practitioner [of payoffs] in the country is the RCMP," cautions the OPP official. "There's no question they've been in the business longer than anyone else," he declares. They are also the most secret. This level of RCMP payoffs remains unknown, although some indication of the scale can be determined from the fact that the \$100,000 to be paid Olson's family was below the amount that required ministerial approval. "Payoff guidelines are not set in stone. There is one of the RCMP's operating expense accounts and is theoretically scrutinized by parliamentary committees in error. In fact, as committees have seen the figures in at least 10 years.

Although criminal investigations are





Gleason, nor did the crash of the cell door and the shouts as *Whitlock* talked nervously about anything over mere victims

the most well-known use of RCMP paid informants, the system is also essential to so-called national security operations. Both the Keable and McDonald commissions reports were studded with examples. The most dramatic was last spring's resolution of *Operation Peeples*, in which a woman named Corrie De Vault earned more than \$30,000 for informing on the riq for the RCMP in the early 1950s.

Police forces resort less frequently to complete immunity and selective reports for critical information from criminals and other informants. Authorities are reluctant to enter into such deals because of negative public reaction if details filter out, a point illustrated by the recent fiasco in Toronto over the terms of informer Carl Kirby's immunity.

On a less slippery moral level—but a far more pervasive one—is plea bargaining. It is the process by which a defence lawyer will bargain for a lesser charge from a Crown prosecutor rather than plunge the case into an expensive trial by having his client plead not guilty to the original charge. It is a potent and compelling bargain because the court system seeks guilty pleas to operate. If all the cases before the courts went to trial, the system would collapse in three days, says Toronto criminal lawyer Walter Fox. They are corridor deals, neither the judge nor the jury send the case they occurred. And they are effective: 90 per cent of cases in Canadian courts are disposed of by

guilty pleas. Plea bargaining, although deplored by the Canadian Law Reform Commission (1974-76) and the Ontario Law Reform Commission (1973), is an commonplace that no one has compiled statistics on how often it is used.

All variations of criminal justice are played because they are legal and, more important to the pragmatic Canadian court system, because they work. Legal precedents such as *Rogers vs. Wray*

"We think the work of a detective is a lot fancier, rather than a human process dealing with other humans"

(1979) and *Regina v. Palmer* (1980) finally established that payments for hard evidence were legal. These decisions also make it possible for police to promise a suspect anything whatsoever—or to threaten to do anything to him whatsoever. Brutality is outlawed, and confessions obtained under duress are not admissible in court—but any hard evidence thus extracted, no matter how deviously, can become part of the Crown's case.

These concepts are sometimes hard to digest for a public used to a diet of American juralism:prudence dipped over the barrier on cable television. The American model is one of rights de-

fined, rights protected, rights explained ("You have the right to remain silent..."). The reality in Canada is much closer to the British model of wide and discretionary powers, especially for the prosecution and the police. Says Toronto Chief Crown Attorney Peter Raskaby, "There is a feeling in the Canadian courts that if it works, use it, so long as it doesn't bring the justice system into disrepute." The result is that Canadian courts and police stations sometimes resemble a bazaar in limbo. "We tend to think of police work as something different from what it is," says University of Toronto criminologist Anthony Doak. "We think the work of a detective is a lot fancier, rather than a very human process dealing with other humans."

As for plea bargaining, lawyers limit the procedure to necessary and, when conducted by two professionals, benign. Says veteran Toronto criminal lawyer Julian Porter: "The bargains between Crown and [defence] lawyers are based on predictions of what the trial system would produce anyway." In the vast majority of cases they are right, but the numbers of critics of corridor justice, perhaps emboldened by the public reaction to the Gleason decision, are growing. Critics worry that the game, conducted in cloaky secrecy, is in danger of getting out of hand.

Critics worry about the secrecy, of the dealers, set just from the public but from each other. In *Making a Crime: A Study of Detectives*, W.G. U. of T. stu-

dent Richard Riesen argues "In the jurisdiction we studied, the production of court outcomes took place backstage in discussions among detectives, lawyers and Crown attorneys. In this process the judge serves more as an agent of ratification than adjudication in the vast majority of cases, the accused pleads guilty and, since the common law accepts a guilty plea without proof, there is no inquiry in court concerning the construction of the case."

The same applies to the system of status-house promises of immunity. Says Ottawa lawyer Leonard Shore: "When you give immunity outside the courtroom, you're taking the administration of justice away from the courts. The potential for abuse is phenomenal."

Perhaps the critics' most telling charge against criminal informers is that their information may be useless or even damaging to a case. Says Regina lawyer Ray Williams: "There is real danger in the use of informants that the information will be tainted, that the judge and jury will believe it, and people will get convicted on the basis of it."

Williams is particularly concerned because last week his client, Nelson Earl Melin, was sentenced to life in prison—most for murder after an accomplice to the murder had been granted immunity

trends to grow longer the greater the distance from the justice system. As a result, change will not come quickly. Here a politician such as Robert Kaplan, who could avoid politically damaging surprises with a quiet open payoff procedure, says he has no intention of reviewing the RCMP guidelines policy on informers and will leave unchanged procedural guidelines in most cases like Gleason's. In the future, Alberta Attorney General Neil Crawford, on the other hand, prompted by the Gleason affair, has instructed his ministry to develop provincial policy on police payments.

Legal observers are divided about the effect on the gathering of evidence of the proposed new charter of rights. In fact, evidence would be inadmissible if it violated the charter and thus brought "the administration of justice into disrepute." If a law professor Bernard Dickson suggests that the gathering of evidence will be largely unchanged, "given the conservative disposition of the courts, which will finally have to interpret it."

Others are less reverential about the concept and its meaning. "What will a judge have to do, resort to shrugs? To involve lawyer Peter O'Brien says it will prevent overzealous police work such as the recent case in which two

Quebec officers extracted a confession from a suspect by driving up to a psychiatrist and a priest.

Legal professionals caution, however, that too much constraint on discretion in the judicial process could result in an excess of legalism that will only enrich lawyers and clog the courtroom. Late last week, as efforts continued to pressure the Gleason payoff, the by-now defensive RCMP held a press outpouring to deny charges that an incompetent investigation delayed Olson's capture, and to repeat that the Olson payoff was necessary as the only way to put him in jail. Certainly, in the ultraviolet world of Canadian justice, it was a successful bargain. It worked, and it was legal (it would not have been in the United States).

But even if the law was uncompromised, the tolerance of the public was severely strained. Said a bemused Kaplan, plainly unhappy with the fallout from the Gleason case: "Many aspects of policing have a sinister dimension, and Canadians don't really like to think about the powers of the police and the traditional methods used to win the conviction of offenders. That means that those of us responsible for the legality and propriety of things that happen sometimes feel very lonely."



Shooting: The diggs of scandal in justice

in exchange for testimony against Miller.

Still, police and lawyers grown accustomed to the system are unlikely to alter it. Says Porter: "Look, once you allow people the right to deny, you are almost certainly going to have bed deals." But the legal marketplace works day by day in most cases. "The crucial point," says Peter Raskaby, "is on [the deal] meet the common light of day in a manslaughter inquiry."

Damage over the Gleason arrangement



Gleason's deal every day



Kaplan's unfortunate lapse in chronology

The events of the past few weeks may have gained Kaplan some concerned companions. By dealing in the discreet marketplace of Canadian justice with such skill, Clifford Olson may have laid the ground work for an inquiry into how it works.

With *My Ancestors in Ottawa*, Malcolm Gray is Vancouver and also from Anne Brown, Carol Brown, Michael Chagnon, Dale Baker, David Fisher, Peter Gagnon, Robert Lewis, William Lester, Shane Loomis, Val Ross and Greg Wilson.

Handsome rewards for show-and-tell

The \$200,000 trust fund established for Clifford Olson's wife and son in exchange for his grisly cache of information is the most generous example of police payoffs in history. But it is clearly not the first time that police in Canada have tried to make a man. In fact, Toronto criminal lawyer Edward Griegman thinks the "show-and-tell" deal in the history of Canada was negotiated by a 30-year-old retired St. Louis's Chief Inspector named Cecil Kirby. He is representative of a growing class of criminals with first-hand reasons to believe that the business of selling information can be almost as profitable as the crime themselves.

In November, 1988, Kirby called the RCMP in Toronto with a message that he wanted to chat about organized crime. Six months later, the former underworld enforcer caught his first break in a 1977 blast that killed one man and injured three others on a Toronto Chinese restaurant. Figuring he knew too much to stay on the mob's payroll, Kirby helped police put away five men last year for plotting these murder convictions. The convictions were obtained after Kirby spent months taping conversations with a convicted body-guard and dumping his pain into believing he had already made out "big." Said Ontario Attorney General Roy McEwen last month: "Kirby really helped by police to 100 percent killings." Kirby represented the first real breakthrough in penetrating the conspiracy of silence which shrouds organized crime activities.

The authorities are grateful. Kirby's material needs are judiciously attended to by the RCMP, the Ontario Provincial Police and the Metro Toronto Police, authorities along with Ontario Assistant Attorney General Red McLeod to the criminal justice community. Among Kirby's perks are free hotel accommodations, a leased car and monthly cheques totaling \$675 for expenses and attorney payments. Not only that, he has been granted a new identity and \$200,000 for relocation since his usefulness to the police expired.

Apart from financing police appear to turn a blind eye to his penchant for beating up his former girlfriend "She's being terrorized and has already had one nervous breakdown," says her Toronto attorney, Brian D. Jones. "Kirby is just someone who was used to be can kill for. He's changed with her."

After a July beating in a Toronto airport hotel room while Kirby's two around-the-clock bodyguards stood by



Larkin, the hit man confessed to about 30 murders

in an adjoining room, Jones complained to the Ontario attorney general's office. Another scandal in her apartment last October. "He'd moved. I can only speculate about how long he's been in the phone number, address and key to her apartment," Jones says. "Kirby promptly a formal complaint with the RCMP. A letter from Saint J.D. Larkin promptly informed Jones that a police investigation of the hotel beating "absolves (his bodyguards) of any misconduct whatsoever."

Another man was walking around the Toronto streets in 31-year-old Gary Costachio. His level criminal occupation began when he worked as an Air Canada freight desk attendant at Ottawa International Airport in 1973. A few thousand dollars richer for a decision to turn informer—"for the cash and, as he later admitted to Ontario Supreme Court, to save his neck—he is living comfortably under new police-supplied identification. His role in an April, 1974, gold heist was to keep an eye on shipments moving through the airport from Northern Ontario mines to the Royal Canadian Mounted. His type eventually netted the gang five gold bars, then worth about \$700,000.

By the time the thieves branched into cocaine smuggling, police had arrested Costachio and offered him immunity

for his role in the robbery if he would serve as a police informer. For his trouble during eight months of service leading to the 1976-77 convictions of five men on assorted robbery and drug importing charges, Costachio was allowed to keep \$20,000 out of the gold bar job only part of his \$100,000 promised share. He also kept the money he had made when he served goons he had pilfered from Air Canada cargo, including clothing, liquor and 60 pocket calculators.

Costachio's crimes pale in comparison to those of underworld hit man turned informer Donald Larkin, 27. Larkin calmly confessed last April to about 30 murders in testimony at the Montreal murder trial of his "former close friend" Francis Laroche. Sentenced June 12 to eight years for his role in a kidnapping-murder, Larkin said he "went over to the other side" because he was "no longer accepted by the underworld." He also believed that a well-known gangster wanted him dead. Under police protection and "living in the lap of luxury with his girlfriends," according to Larkin's lawyer, Norbert Lerner, Larkin is set to appear as star witness in other upcoming murder trials. He has been questioned in connection with 75 killings and has shed light on all of them. They included ad-

mitting to the February, 1978, killing of Brian Fernandez for which he and a accomplice had been acquitted.

"This has to be the most incredible string of luck police in Quebec have ever run into," said Montreal investigator and shoot Larkin and another recent police informant. Arsenio Laroche, who is appealing Larkin's 30-year sentence for the first-degree murder of 21-year-old police informant Ronald Laroche, the Crown prosecutors' affidavits are "appalling." He says money, apartments and protection from prosecution "simply encourage criminals."

But what could become the most-outraged case of all (one that has already become Canadian jurisprudence) involved B.C. RCMP officers and Vancouver informant Frederick Thomas Ford, 40. He earned \$25,000 for his testimony in a 1979 Vancouver hit conspiracy trial in which two Douglas and Donald Palmer, 25, were hanged. Life sentences and four other men lesser terms for trafficking heroin. An ex-convict who grew up in Vancouver's east end, Ford had functioned as a "black-and-white" (intended to hide drug cash) in the heroin ring headed by the Palmer brothers. His testimony—valid to the Crown's case—had "the ring of truth to it," wrote B.C. Supreme Court Justice A. B. Macfarlane in his judgment.

Ford had been receiving \$2,000 in monthly living expenses during the trial, the privilege of trafficking heroin free of police intervention along with the abandonment of criminal charges of robbery and possession of stolen goods. Not until after the trial did Ford publicly erupt that the RCMP had backed out of a deal to pay him \$50,000 for his testimony. When the Palmers appealed their conviction in 1977, Ford, in an affidavit filed with the B.C. Court of Appeal, said: "I got up on the stand and made up a bunch of lies only because I didn't want to go to jail. Also, I was promised a large cash settlement, new id and transportation to go anywhere I wanted to go. Naturally, I couldn't turn this down."

Palme confirmed that Ford had asked for \$50,000 and that they had upped the offer to \$40,000, stressing that they were not making any promises. Despite arguments by the Palmer brothers' lawyer, Harry Walsh, that such an award would be considered "bribery" if made by the defence counsel, the appeal was denied. A Supreme Court of Canada appeal was also denied by the Dec. 21, 1978, declaration "It is impossible to believe that the nature of (Ford's) evidence given at the trial was affected by the payment or promise of money."

LARIN THREAT, with Anne Byrne in Vancouver's Melburn Group in Vancouver and Mary-Joanne and Greg White in Ontario.

An uneasy pact of silence

It lay there for months, a journalistic scoop that many British Columbia news outlets would not publish. The shocking news that a \$300,000 payoff had been made to the family of mass murderer Clifford Olson was kept secret until his guilty plea. There was a reason for suppressing news that was the link of parties and the law was the publication of facts that would prejudice a trial Olson had been charged with murder and the revelation that the police had paid a man with a criminal record and a history of sex offences to lead them to the bodies of his victims did not break until his trial was over.

B.C. Attorney General Allan Williams made the rounds of several Vancouver television stations and the two daily newspapers in mid-September asking them to keep silent on the payoff. "We told me that from a C—- named like Olson deserved a fair trial," recalled Paddy Sherman, publisher of The Province. "I said that it was a little naive of him to think that we would put anything prejudicial." Sherman said he would make the same decision again but he was surprised at Williams' actions after the trial, especially since he warned the attorney general that he

planned to write about the meeting. "He said he would meet all questions head-on," Sherman said. "There was no exactly a collusion of the truth when Williams first spoke publicly about the payments. He denied that any payment had been made, said he was not a witness, but he was not exactly correct but misleading answers that evaded reporters' questions about an acknowledgment of payments."

"It was impossible," Sherman said. "All he had to do was admit his involvement, then anyone he was trying to find ways of getting the money."

The blackout lifted slowly on Oct. 17, when The Vancouver Sun carried a short story from its Ottawa bureau as a question Tory MP Elmer MacKay asked in the House of Commons. MacKay had specifically mentioned the Olson case and asked Solicitor General Robert Kaplan

if the RCMP had paid money to access persons or their relatives, the television in Vancouver, also seeing under the protection of reporting something and under parliamentary privilege, used the story briefly on its late-night local news. And Southern News Service sent out a more detailed story, warning member newspapers that it might be dangerous George Gale, who wrote the story, says he never heard anyone express any surprise about a story that was front-page news in Edmonton and Hamilton, for instance, but not in Vancouver, where the two dailies, both written by Southern Press, did not use it.

Les Laik, head of the CBC's Regina, was among those uneasy with Williams' unprecedented request, but eventually decided it was a necessary evil. In the end it was not the threat of contempt of court that made up his mind. "We have to live in this province," he said. "If [news of the payoff] had been published in advance, Olson's defence lawyer would have had a very good case for a retrial. Can you imagine the outcry there would have been if something we had done allowed a killer to get off?"

—MALCOLM GRAY



Sherran: All he had to do was admit his involvement

Schreyer skims the surface

By Robert Lewis

It was a happy night for fancy skating. The ice was thick and brittle on the outdoor rink behind Governor House, and Gov. Gen. Edward Schreyer was playing host to press gallery reporters at a seasonal winter party last Friday. Only two nights before, the rarely visible Schreyer had beenched off a January storm by noting that he might have skated a unilateral constitutional petition plan last fall had

ful? Governors general, after all, are meant only to advise prime ministers—and to do what they're told. Other critics were later that Schreyer had not spoken out earlier—for example, before new prisoners broke up a session devoted to forge an uneasy compromise with Trudeau.

In fact, Schreyer said that he was only talking "in the abstract" and that the situation last fall "wasn't anywhere near" a worst-case scenario. But in an interview with *Edison Stewart* of *The*

an election to be held."

Schreyer did not say whether he might exercise his legal power to force an election or merely urge Trudeau promptly to form the people. Recent reports linked Schreyer to speaking out about his duties, but mostly there was silence.

The manuscript sparked memories of the celebrated constitutional crisis of 1981 in which Gov. Gen. Lord Byrne refused Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher's request for dissolution of Parliament. But last week's remarks were not the first time that Schreyer has asserted the prerogatives of his office. In 1980, when Joe Clark's Conservatives were narrowly defeated, Schreyer briefly put off Clark's request for dissolution and an election to ponder the prospects of handing power to a Liberal-run coalition.

That action and last week's statements have family friends pondering the extent to which Schreyer has been frustrated in his largely ceremonial role in the CR interview and in another session with the Ottawa Critics, Schreyer lamented that "unprecedented" and "unprecedented" comments have prevented him from speaking out on such issues as national unity and energy. Friends say that Lily Schreyer is even less enamored of life in a downtown bid level at Rideau Hall. And after three full years in the role, Schreyer himself still says that his wife is "adjusting" and "coping well."

Schreyer again last week did not claim the door as a return to political life, but he left after last December as the first press conference by a governor general. But, as he told the Critics, audience or farming—perhaps in the Gaspé—"I applied to go."

At any rate, Schreyer vows to leave the vice-regal post in two years, when his term expires. He will then be nearly 60, and if politics are really on his mind, last week's interview could prove a last hurrah. He will not have made any grand statements to Trudeau level yet, but he will have done little to clarify the program of Trudeau's policies, particularly in Western Canada.

Schreyer's biggest political handles, as he conceded in the CR interview, are his interventionist economic views which "make it rather awkward for me to be accepted by any one of the parties" (B.C.). Schreyer could always start his own party—it is certainly managed to deliver the one he staged last week, even if he was not behaving like his former self. ☐

*Schreyer did a winter party CR before, but recorded his 30-minute interview, although Schreyer later claimed that his remarks had been taken out of context.



Schreyer conversing and sliding neatly around a compromise of his own creation

there was no agreement between Pierre Trudeau and the governors. Schreyer said in a white parka, Schreyer skidded the skating and curled some onto an adjacent sheet—all the while shifting subtly around a compromise of his own creation.

For a man marking his third anniversary in office and intent on elevating his profile, Schreyer exuded the widest smiles—and perhaps even the comical—of his address. "My oh, my," remarked constitutional scholar Eugene Forsey. "This is really perfectly avoid-

OTTAWA

Dark at the end of the tunnel

It is turning out to be an unusually harsh winter for federal politicians. Liberals are finding that Allan Rock's budget, designed to appear positively as pure as the driven snow, is turning into black under intense opposition. Conservative MPs, who should be relishing the government's disarray, are given by uneasiness over their leadership. And the New Democrats, instead of basking from the public's sympathy with the other two parties, remain mired in their own internal third-party position. The latest Gallup survey, taken two weeks after the Nov. 12 bud-

get, showed tax breaks in its Dec. 12 budget amendments, the government now hopes the attacks will focus only on technical details rather than on grand fiscal strategy.

Not likely. During the month the Tories dispatched a budget task force across the country for hearings in 35 cities, during which witnesses were encouraged to lay every document in the land at Mackenzie's feet of clay. Top leader Ed Broadbent, who staged a cross-country tour to highlight unemployment (now it's a positive high of 8.6 per cent) and returned determined to make that the top story on the parliamentary agenda.

Meanwhile, Top leader Joe Clark has been back from a European holiday into a distinct chill within his own party. A Committee for a NC Leadership Convention has sprung up in Toronto to try to force Clark into a leadership contest. More ominously, rifts from across the country have been brought by local party activists to settle Clark's fate in a caucus. The Opposition leader's own hope is to carry his party into a unifying battle against the Liberals and their budget, which guarantees a long and bloody fight, when debate on the budget bill resumes.

If the Liberals' budget problems really are to be cracked down, the dead night will be done by the government itself. As the black of Montreal's forecast last week, Canada is plunging into a deepening recession to be followed later this year by a slow recovery—of high interest rates don't choke off a silver that week before inflation, which averaged a 39-year high of 12.5 per cent in 1981, is expected to soar only slightly this year to 11 per cent. Not only that, the Economic Board of Canada has just predicted that wage increases will exceed inflation this year—for the first time since 1971.

Pierre Trudeau will raise all these issues with the premiers at their economic meeting next week. And if the worst comes to pass within a few months, he might be moved to repeat wage and price controls, as he did in 1973. The fact that Trudeau people say they have no such intention; that they said that the last time. —JOHN HAY



Clark argues from a holiday in Hawaii into a chill

get, said as much the Liberals had dropped three points in popularity to 36 per cent, the Tories were also down three to 38, and the NDP was up four points to 26, all in a traditional 22 per cent. Because of Gallup's first-point margin of error, any conclusions must be hedged. Still, as the new gathering gets in Parliament this week, no politicians are speaking.

The Liberals know they would face a terrible opposition storm against the budget after the Christmas season. But, having partially reopened some of the

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The CIA prepares for battle



Scene of the Paris assassination and (below) the victim, Ray, telling doctors for anyone who bears a grudge against the U.S.

By Peter Leviss

It had all the markings of a well-rehearsed gangland slaying. As the elation of a jackhammer in a nearby work site shifted the focus of a residential Paris street, a swarthy, heavily dressed man watched his victim approach on the sidewalk. When the moment was right, the assassin stepped forward, firing a single bullet at point-blank range into the forehead of Lt.-Col Charles R. Ray, an American diplomat. Then, after calmly stepping down to make sure Ray was dead, the assassin fled without a backward glance.

The slaying of Ray, once-called Vietnam War veteran who had acted as an assistant military attaché in the Paris embassy since 1960, shocked the American diplomatic community and left his colleagues in Paris stunned and angry. Said one: "He hadn't a ghost of a chance to defend himself." But the murder had not come without warning. Ray was the

11th American to be murdered while on diplomatic service abroad since 1968 and the latest victim of a rash of attacks by terrorists—including the kidnapping of Brig-Gen James Dozier by Italian Red Brigades guerrillas in Europe over the past two years.

Not only that, just two months before, the deputy head of the American mission in Paris, Christian Chagnon, had narrowly escaped a strikingly similar attack. He, too, had been waylaid on his way to work by a single gunman but had managed to escape by ducking behind a car. Although the assault on Chagnon spurred the embassy to tighten security, French police investigating the Ray murder and the military attaché's home had not been alerted and that he was warned when his killer struck.

The same group suspected of carrying out the Chagnon attack—an obscure Beirut-based group named the Lebanese Armed Revolutionary Forces—called within hours of Ray's killing to claim responsibility. Ray had been associated, the caller declared, to protect U.S. involvement in a move "to defend and massacre the Lebanese people."

French police claimed that the same type of wrap-on-a-760 mm Beretta had been used on the assassin, although by different hit men. While both were described as "Middle Eastern" in appearance, Ray's attacker was much shorter than Chagnon's.

The slaying dramatically underscored the difficulty of shielding Washington's 6,000 diplomats abroad from random attack. While the state depart-

ment has endeavored to protect its top envoys with bodyguards, it has so far failed to come up with a practical means of protecting lesser aides such as Ray from falling victim to hit-and-run guerrillas. As an embassy official explained, "Since we can't put a guard on every ordinary diplomat, we must accept the fact that they're sitting ducks for anybody who bears a grudge against the United States."

In the wake of Ray's murder, however, there were indications that Washington was embarking on an anti-terrorist drive of unprecedented proportions. According to administration sources, Boggs, on the urging of CIA Director William Casey, National Security Adviser William Clark and Secretary of State Alexander Haig, has decided to lift the controls placed on the intelligence agencies to keep them within foreign and domestic laws and protect the civil rights of the public. In short, they will be able to resort to "whatever measures are needed"—including the infiltration of terrorist organizations—to combat terrorism.

Boggs alluded to this aspect of the program last week when, at a news conference, he said that infiltration was "probably the only defense against terrorists." Administration officials were surprised by the president's remarks. But as one CIA official told *McGraw-Hill*, "It probably doesn't matter because groups like the Red Brigades must accept as to try infiltration anyway."

Although intelligence sources were unwilling to elaborate further on the plan, a former Defense Intelligence Agency official was more forthcoming: "An American could never infiltrate the Red Brigades or the JLF," he explained. "The agencies will have to work at winning over those who are already members or prospective members. It could involve blackmail and bribery. This is a dirty game."

One of the strongest supporters of new anti-terrorist measures is Yusef Alexander, director of the Institute for Terrorism at the State University of New York. "Terrorism is an established method of conflict," he said. "The U.S. has not been given cause to protect its businessmen and diplomats working abroad. Unfortunately, it has taken a tragedy to make the country do more."

Still, the new offensive is obviously a long-term one. And neither is nor a \$40-million program to increase security at U.S. diplomatic missions, which was announced last week. It allayed the fears of Ray's colleagues in Paris about sleeping outside the embassy's walls. Said one: "Outside you're on your own. All you can do is pray that the next victim won't be you." But Alexander Boggs, it seems, is preparing to do far more than pray.

With William Lovell in Washington.



Gandhi: weapons to protect his power rather than the well-being of India

INDIA

Play it again, Indira

For opponents of Prime Minister Indira Gandhi, the events evoked an awkward series of déjà vu. Not since the 21 months of emergency law in the late 1970s had they witnessed a display of force on the scale resorted to by Gandhi last week. In response to a one-day national work stoppage called by opposition politicians and union leaders, the iron-willed prime minister showed all the battle she is famed for, she ordered massive arrests of all suspected strike sympathizers.

At week's end, the success of the walkout was still unclear. But the sheer number of those jailed—at least 20,000—and numerous reports of clashes between police and demonstrators in several regions made it clear that the one-day action was the strongest show of defiance since Gandhi's return to power in 1980.

The strike was called to protest against the National Security Act, which provides for preventive detention without trial, and the Essential Services Maintenance Act, which bans strikes by railway, communication and electricity workers—as well as those in other important industries. Although estimates of its effectiveness were hampered by the fact that two national news agencies, as well as many newspapers, joined the shutdown, there was little doubt that the strikers made their point. The overall picture that emerged

was one of depleted attendance at government offices, businesses and factories in Calcutta and throughout the nation's northeastern industrial belt.

There were also armed clashes between police and strikers in several centers—notably in West Bengal, where police opened fire on strikers who were fighting with members of Gandhi's Congress 3-Set India party. Nationwide, at least 132 people were killed and another 300 injured.

S.M. Banerjee, president of the All India Defense Employees Federation, and the strike was a clear message by the anti-Gandhi workers and declared, "The working class of this country stood like one man." For their part, government spokesmen, pointing to such areas as New Delhi where business had continued without major disruptions, proclaimed the strike a failure.

In the aftermath, critics of the government charged that the prime minister's resorting to the National Security and Essential Services Maintenance acts gave evidence to their claims that the key functions of the legislation is to preserve her grip on power. As the Times of India commented, 166 major strikes had been staged since July, 1981, when the Essential Services Maintenance Act was passed, without it being applied. In addition, the paper noted that the government is willing to support all "at a colossal cost" rather than

insure the act to break a strike currently under way at the nation's largest oil refinery. Concluded the anti-Gandhi Press: "This shows that the central government is willing to take draconian action only to meet a political challenge to its authority but not to avert the threat of organized blackmail against the economy."

One reason for Gandhi's fierce reaction to the protest last week was her deep-seated fear of a united front being formed by her political opponents. The prime minister is still badly scarred from her humiliating defeat by a four-party alliance in 1977 and her ensuing ignominious—if temporary—experience in the political wilderness.

If she was hoping to avoid a repeat of that experience, Gandhi's harsh actions may have badly misfired. For the past year, the opposition leaders' efforts at unity have been limited to occasional letters and children's suggestions of alliances. But in the wake of last week's events, the three main opposition groups—the Lok Dal, Janata and Congress parties—announced an agreement to merge by the end of February.

Whether the prospective alliance will be seen as a viable alternative to Gandhi's rule, however, is still unclear. It will first have to dispel the image of incoherence the parties earned during their time in power from 1977 to 1980—a period characterized by bickering, but little action.

Not only that, popular discontent with Gandhi's administration is not nearly as widespread as it was before her 1977 defeat. The main reason for her current level of popularity lies in the nation's economic performance. Although the inflation rate is currently running at nine per cent—which critics charge is too high—India achieved an impressive seven-per-cent growth in 1980 last year. The prime minister also recently launched a 20-point program for economic and social improvement in a bid to convince voters that she is living up to her promises of improving their economic well-being.

Still, there is a growing dissatisfaction, not only with the "deteriorating state of law and order," as opposition parties insist, it has with the corruption and inefficiency that continues to characterize the current administration. Added to that, the group of advisers that Gandhi has chosen is widely held—even by some Congress members—to be the weakest in modern history. As one newspaper editor today observed in the wake of last week's events, "None has the time been ripe for a united opposition to challenge Gandhi and the Congress-I party." It remained to be seen whether the opposition will be able to capitalize on the situation.

—PETER MISENERAND in New Delhi

KAMPUCHEA

The dry-season offensive



Khmer Rouge troops ready for a fight, probably to another Vietnamese invasion?

The ponding of the Vietnamese 100,000 field guns and mortars for the first time this morning in Kampuchea, calm. Hanging down last week on Khmer Rouge battle camps nestled in the mist-shrouded hills along the country's western border, the banners brought cheering fire from the insurgents and sent thousands of protesters fleeing for their lives across the border into Thailand. Several days later, the sometimes fierce fighting had abated—if only temporarily. But there was little doubt that the Vietnamese troops grouping up the Kampuchean government of living borders had delivered the first blow in a dry season offensive against the guerrillas' jungle strongholds.

The question nagging the nervous Thai military, however, was whether the fighting was a prelude to another Vietnamese incursion. That territory, similar to one that occurred in 1980, that incursion swelled the border refugee camps to overflowing and caused clashes with Thai troops. In an effort to avoid such an eventuality, Thai generals fired volleys of their own.

But at week's end, firm estimates of the scale of fighting under way and predictions of the course it might take remained elusive. Western military analysts were unable to confirm actual reports that up to 1,000 Vietnamese troops were involved. And Western relief agency and medical personnel visit-

ing the affected border area found no casualties to treat, although the camps were filled with Khmer fighters. Still, few observers doubted that a major offensive had begun. Although Vietnamese troop strength in western Kampuchea was believed by military intelligence to be at about last year's level, recent armories provided a clear warning of last week's fighting. In early December, the Vietnamese were reported to be moving in more artillery and deploying troops in positions closer to the guerrilla-held areas. Later in the month, taking the offensive for the first time in more than a year, Vietnamese forces struck at Khmer Rouge supply lines in northern Kampuchea, inflicting considerable damage and destroying or seizing large quantities of weapons.

The latest fighting had a decided significance. The Vietnamese insisted on their target the major haunts in which Khmer Rouge propaganda calls—to the considerable irritation of the Vietnamese—a "liberated zone." Clearly, the assault was timed to embarrass the guerrillas at a sensitive moment in their still unsmoothed negotiations with other groups on setting up a coalition government-in-exile.

Fearing to their standing as the strongest of the three factions, the Khmer Rouge have been seeking to strike a deal in which they would be the dominant force. At the same time their prospective partners, backed by the

member states of the Association of South-East Asian Nations, favor a more balanced coalition.

By striking hard at the military might of the Khmer Rouge, Hanoi may be trying to encourage the Vietnamese guerrillas' main bargaining chip in the talks, thereby promoting more bitter haggling among the warring sides. If so, it will take a much more sustained and hard-fought offensive than last week's assault for the Vietnamese to accomplish their goal.

—NICHOLAS CORNING-BRICE in Bangkok

FINLAND

Europe's new man in the middle

In many ways Mauno Koivisto does not fit the mould of Finnish presidents. A quiet, almost retiring man, he eschews the pomp and show brought to the office by 80-year-old Urho Kekkonen, who staged down last October because of ill health. More important, Koivisto is not the handpicked favorite of Finland's imposing neighbor to the east, the Soviet Union. But last week, Finnish voters elect president and, in the largest turnout ever, delivered Koivisto a stunning victory in the nation's presidential elections. Koivisto's Social Democratic Party won 145 seats in the 200-seat electoral college—all but

assuming that he will be confirmed as president when the body votes this week.

Finland's commentators clearly considered an appointment to be a certainty, scarcely to mention, predicted a narrow landslide in Helsinki, an evening newspaper. And Olli Kivinen, foreign editor of Finland's leading daily, *Helsingin Sanomat*, heralded Koivisto's win as announcing a new era in the country's political life. While "Koivisto was an extremely strong man who wanted to get involved in everything," he commented, "Koivisto is likely to allow much more freedom for future prime ministers. The role of parliament will become more important. His victory represents a renewal in our political life."

Koivisto developed his "team-player" style—and his immense popularity with the electorate—while serving in several previous public posts. The son of a carpenter in the western port of Turku, he worked as a stevedore before earning doctorates in philosophy and social science. Then, after starting a career as a ranking, he began a ministership. He became that in his appointment, as finance minister twice—in 1960 and 1972—and governor of the Central Bank in 1968.

Koivisto's tenure in those posts is credited with producing Finland's economic success during the recession-strapped early '70s. He was appointed prime minister in 1979 and, when Kekkonen retired last year, was named acting president until last week's elections.

But if Kivinen is expected to bring a breath of fresh air to the domestic political scene, in another major area of responsibility—foreign policy—he will face severe, but familiar, restrictions. Few observers expect him to deviate from the course set down by his predecessors, Kekkonen and J. K. Paasikivi. That policy calls for the maintenance of good relations with the Soviet Union under the terms of the 1946 friendship treaty.

Given Moscow's right to station Finnish leaders for "consultations" whenever it deems fit. At the same time, however, the president must maintain Finland's status as a democratic, capitalist country with expanding trade links with the Western nations.

Koivisto was clearly not Kekkonen's first choice. In 1979, Kekkonen's favorite had been former foreign minister and

Centre Party member, Ahti Karjalainen. That did not impress the party, however, which did not even select Karjalainen as its candidate. Moreover, Koivisto was regarded as too independent-minded by the Kivinen, and it was not until the final stages of the campaign, when it was clear that he would emerge the winner, that Lemmikki-Bremer sent him an encouraging telegram.

But at week's end it appeared that the Soviet Union would eventually prove satisfied. After his win, Koivisto told a press conference that he "intended to carry on Finland's traditional foreign policy." On that score at least, it seemed, Koivisto would fit well into the Finnish mould.

—CHINA MONEY

MIDDLE EAST

The 'Canadians' are moving again

In a passer-by in the dusty Gaza strip town of Rafah is asked the way to Canada, he will point down a narrow, rutted road on the edge of the Sinai Desert. It leads to a cluster of cement bungalows, where women carry baskets of vegetables on their heads and boys play soccer on the sand. That, to the Arab population of Rafah, is Canada, its name a legacy of the Canadian United Nations troops stationed there until they were ordered out by Egypt on the eve of the 1967 Arab-Israeli war.



Abandoned Israeli Northlanders in Sinai. 20 houses split by the border.



Koivisto: 'a renewal to our political life'

For the past decade it has been the Israeli-administered zone of 526 Palestinian families, about 4,000 people in all, who were evicted from an overcrowded refugee camp on the other side of town by Israeli soldiers.

Now it appears that these perpetual victims of the Mid-East imbroglio will have to move again. Under the terms of the 1979 Israeli-Egyptian peace treaty, Israel is to complete its withdrawal from occupied Sinai by April 26, and it is retreating behind a Gaza River border first drawn in 1966 by Turkish and British officers on behalf of their respective empires. Unfortunately, that first gap right through the middle of yesterday's Rafah, leaving many of its residents, including the Palestinians "Canadians," on the Egyptian side. And the negotiators simply do not know what to do about them.

In talks in Cairo last week, Israeli Defense Minister Ariel Sharon said Egypt for a slight change in the border that would put Rafah entirely within Gaza territory. Poling that, in fact, Israel would focus placing Rafah entirely under Egyptian sovereignty.

Egypt is already agreed to after its proposed, preferring instead some minor detours in the border as it passes through town to accommodate the worst problems. Cairo is determined not to accept any of Rafah's 50,000 refugees (400,000 in all), so it is not expected to absorb all of the town. But at the same time it refuses to sacrifice Egyptian soil, so the border is unlikely to move the other way.

The Rafah talks agreed last week to send a joint working party to Rafah this week to find "workable and practical solutions," but few of Rafah's 50,000 residents were optimistic about the outcome.

That is understandable. If the 1966 border is reimposed, it will cut through about 20 houses, dozens of shops and an ore-mining factory. Families will be split, farmers will have a house on one side and their well water on the other, orange groves will be separated from their owners. "If decantation of refugees is the price of peace," declared Mahmoud Hassan, whose seed and fodder outlet is threatened, "I don't want peace."

For the refugee families the outlook is even worse. Wherever the border is drawn, they intend to stay under Israeli administration. Almost all of their able-bodied men work in Israeli-run oil or building projects and they do not risk falling back on UNRWA (United Nations Relief and Works Agency) rations. Unfortunately, barring an unexpected change in Egyptian attitudes, that will mean yet another in a long history of moves for the 4,000 "Canadians." —ERIC SILVER in Rafah

U.S.A.

Decision time in Detroit



Dealer's dilemma: The industry is now ruled by the logic of self-protection.

By Michael Posner

With many rumors that a major, a vitally important round of contract talks between General Motors and the United Auto Workers died in Detroit last week. The decision, taking place a full eight weeks before the expiry of the current labor contract, were launched 10 days earlier on a historic premise that the new would abandon normal wage and benefit increases in exchange for job security, in return for a 30% wage hike. Ford as well—would pass on these gains by slashing car prices by as much as \$1,800. Unable to reach agreement, the two parties decided to suspend the talks at least for now. However, some of the talks were meeting with GM and Ford executives in Washington, and after a weekend since with another series of discussions was scheduled to begin this week.

Indeed, an early end to the negotiation is almost a necessity. The American automobile industry is now ruled by the logic of self-protection. As Peter Phillips, Ford's vice-president for labor relations, put it recently, "Failure to do something could write the death knell for a significant portion of the industry." In Canada, though, UAW negotiators have so far fully rejected wage and benefits concessions. "We are not taking a step back while corporations are making bigger profits and officials are taking big salaries," warned union executive Robert Nicholson.

The statistics seem to be favorable. This year's sales of the major American car manufacturers still every car that shipped off the production lines—fully-

equipped models and gas guzzlers alike. But since mid-1979, the industry's sales and employment charts have shown a steep slide. More than a third of the midwest work force has been laid off, most on indefinite furloughs.

The sales records are no less gloomy. A year ago, the most pessimistic forecast of American sales in 1980 was about two million vehicles, two million below the 1978 level. Instead, the industry sold slightly more than its 1980 goal in 1980, its lowest total in 30 years.

Across the country, dealerships have been closing at a rate of three per day. Since 1968, more than 2,500 dealers have been squeezed out by a combination of high prices, punitive interest rates, swollen inventories and the superior economy and performance of Japanese and German imports. By cutting sales and overhead, most dealers have managed to survive. In fact, many of the present crisis is that, after trimming their costs, they had higher profits in 1981 than a year earlier.

Nevertheless, the sales-starved dealers cannot hang on indefinitely. From their viewpoint, an early agreement between labor and management is vital. Since the principle of cutting salaries goes in return for wage restraint, GM sales have slowed precipitously. Says Frank McCarthy, executive vice-president of the 20,000-member National Automobile Dealers' Association: "Car sales have stopped. Lethargy."

As a result, dealer showrooms from Chicago to Los Angeles are like some eastern museums: the product is on display, but the interest of visitors is

slowly ebbing. In Cincinnati, where the average daily quota of car sales is 280, one day last week only a single car was sold. "It is the most dismal of times," says UAW President Douglas Fraser.

In the next few weeks, GM, Ford and Chrysler are all planning large-scale plant closings. The cutbacks have affected more than the blue-collar rank—some 25 per cent of Ford's salaried personnel have been eliminated. In December, GM laid off 13,000 white-collar employees.

At the heart of the auto industry's troubles lies the reality of cheaper Japanese imports—in some cases the price differential for comparable models is as much as \$1,500. To trim \$1,000 from current price stickers, industry management has said it must grant labor cuts—now hovering at \$50 per hour—by 20 per cent. Such a reduction, says the UAW's Fraser, "is outrageous and unacceptable. We can't do it alone. Other people have to make sacrifices—the salaried personnel, the parts suppliers."

Without an agreement that limits wage demands in return for job security, the prospect is that an increasing number of new jobs will be transferred abroad—where labor and production costs are lower. Indeed, one crucial element of the agreement, Fraser is seeking would restrict GM and Ford to stop "out-sourcing the work."

But even with a dramatic cut in either price, there are no guarantees of a cheap turnaround. Some 75 per cent of all new cars are gas guzzlers, and interest rates make up to their former levels, an acute economist has predicted. The UAW-GM-Ford agreement may be unworkable. Concedes Fraser: "It's all a gamble."

Fraser: "Others have to make sacrifices."



MIG 27: an offensive plane that would violate the 1962 Cuban agreement.

WASHINGTON

The 'wooden crate' factor

Alarm bells were ringing in the White House over Cuba again last week. But this time it was not over the nation's alleged role in fomenting revolution in Central America. Instead, the concern centered on a CIA report that U.S. spy satellites had detected a number of huge wooden crates at an airfield near Havana that, owing to their size, were believed to contain replacement parts delivered from Moscow. Most worrying for the Reagan administration, however, was speculation that the planes were MIG 27 fighter-bombers, whose offensive capabilities, American thought, would pose a threat to the Caribbean region.

The defensive community was by no means certain of the crates' contents. According to a top-secret memo prepared for President Reagan by CIA assistant director, the CIA's Latin American office, the planes could conceivably be less sophisticated MIG 21 and 23 jets to replace those lost in accidents over the past decade. These planes, which are currently the mainstay of Fidel Castro's air force, are defensive in nature owing to their limited flying range. They would not violate the 1962 "understanding" between Washington and Moscow under which the Soviets agreed not to introduce offensive weapons into the Caribbean. But if the aircraft were MIG 27s, Menges pointed out, they would be in violation of the agreement.

Not only are they capable of carrying nuclear weapons, but their range would permit them to carry out missions anywhere in Central America and deep within the United States. While it was unclear what precisely, if any, Menges had for his speculation, the

White House was taking it seriously. But for the time being, Reagan had decided not to confront the Soviets publicly on the issue. Instead, he directed Secretary of State Alexander Haig to raise the matter privately with his Soviet counterpart, Andrei Gromyko, this week at their meeting in Geneva. This behind-the-scenes approach is favored because the president fears that if he were to publicly accuse the existence of the trucking Havana photographs, he would immediately cause an uproar to face down the Soviets. Not only that, hard-line Republicans could be expected to demand the removal of the planes, no matter what type they are.

President Jimmy Carter, after all, had told a similar trap in September, 1978, when he demanded that Moscow remove a Soviet combat brigade from the island. But, unable to counter Soviet claims that the brigade had been present for years and was simply a training force, Carter had to back down and appeared weak and indecisive.

Explaining the current administration's caution, one Reagan adviser said: "We have to play this sort of situation with great care. If the crates contain replacement equipment, MIG 27s (but there is really nothing we can do about it). We believe it would only be counterproductive to start a major protest. If, however, we discover the planes are new MIG 27 bombers, then we will have to take new actions." At week's end it remained uncertain whether the mystery of the wooden crates would be solved. But one thing was clear: Reagan was determined not to permit a replay of his predecessor's blunder. —WILLIAM LUTTRELL in Washington.

The executive head-bashing firm Caldwell Patters is either unaware or unconcerned that government postings overseas are traditionally political plants. Whatever the case, the firm ignored some of defeated Tory candidates and placed Adrienne Clarkson, 42, from her job as co-host of the CBC's top current affairs show, *A98* radio, to be agent-general in Paris. After 17 years at the CBC, the *A98* Award-winning journalist is returning to her adopted family home-land Says Clarkson: "I'm tired of being a silent French-speaker. I can actually go there and do something." Comfortably bilingual, she will represent Ontario's trade and cultural interests. As well as giving to the French that "the eight million Canadians in Ontario are visible—we exist," Clarkson, a two-time novelist, also hopes to write again. Helping her will be com-panion John Seal, author of the best-selling *The Winds of Privilege*, who will be researching a new work set in North Africa. It's a big change of life for a controversial personality who once said she would like to be "the first old woman regularly seen on television." Laughing Clarkson, "I just assumed I'd eventually end up in the rhinestone glasses, lid-on-rim set."

Clarkson seems happy to end the failed *Forces*

too, says, "Lacock makes it worse." Silence to a Texas oil fortune, Cullen can enjoy the people without envy. Nevertheless, she says her follow-up album will be "More statements and no more questions."

Any disgruntled Canadian feels-to-nerves the audience had a chance to see, their attention last week after they heard Gloria Steinem speak at Winnipeg's University of Manitoba. "I could make you feel much better about where you live by telling you about where I live," said the longtime editor of *Ms.* magazine. Saying she was "happy to be out of the legal jurisdiction of *Usual Suspects*," Steinem predicted that "none and none of us will want to be spending time here." Steinem even went so far as to say, she would trade Reagan for *Plano* *Steinem*, although, "Once, years ago, I interviewed him... and I found him very nervous and difficult as a human being." Still wondering her signature tilted glasses, her hair long and streaked with blonde, Steinem, 47, gave the standing-room-only crowd of 1,200 an updated report on the feminist movement she helped to mobilize 20 years ago. "In spite of Reagan and his opposition to legitimized abortion and the Equal Rights

Amendment, we're come a fair way," she said, citing examples of "new terms such as sexual harassment—10 years ago it was called life." And at the movement's very pinnacle, said Steinem, are these few women who "are becoming the ones we wanted to marry."

After three months of *Ms.* magazine employment at the TV network journalist David Brinkley, 61, is seeing the same with his former employer, too. Describing his co-boss as "nice, stoogy and fat," Brinkley says he left after 35 years with the network because she "assumed that I do topical news events [on the *Magazine*], which was silly. Anything important would have been seen already on the evening news, which was or just shortly before as. So I said no. They wanted I still said no. They showed kinder... I don't like being told what to do." The scheduling of his show also upset Brinkley. "They put an on opposite *Dallas*," he says. "That was like lying down in front of a bulldozer." Now anchoring *The Wind* with David H. Bailey and commenting on specials such as this week's three-hour biography of Franklin Delano Roosevelt, Brinkley has nothing but nice things to report about his new network. "ABC is active, aggressive, lively, energetic and creative," he says, all in one breath. His emotions are unphased. "As the 1980 convention, be-



Brinkley, enthusiastic as ever, at ABC

stood on the deck of our anchor booth and talked about how the network approach to the election coverage was the most representative in news," says Pat Nugent, director of news information. "I'm glad that David is continuing his enthusiasm in his new job."

Canadian makes three big mistakes when they try to cook French cuisine, says French superstar Marie-Thérèse, 44. "They cook the food too long, they cook it too far ahead before serving, and they won't cook it properly enough." The culinary artist, who won the Michelin Guide's three-star *Hôtel des Fêtes* restaurant in Rouen, France, recently showed 40 food writers in Toronto how it should be done when he cooked up a gourmet meal of lamb and lobster, poached in Maurel's marinade. The jovial *Oliver Hardy* look-alike, who weighs 282 lb ("all muscle") and bears a name that means "three big people happily fed," does not think it is outrageous that he has made his reputation on non-fancy, highly seasoned, over-the-counter "North Americans mistakenly regard it as a diet cuisine," Thérèse says. "I'm not opposed to rich sauces—just to heavy sauces starchy with flour and other cheap thickenings."

"I have an idea how I came to sign such a bad letter," sighed Secretary of State Gerald R. Ford's aide, Michael Deary, last week after he realized that he had unwittingly dismissed the Red Rebellion as an event of little Cana-

dian significance. In his capacity as Deputy special assistant, Deary was responding to a request for forms from Calgary's *Red Rebel* to mark the 25th centennial of Louis Riel's doomed uprising. McRae leads Riel's Scouts, a historical re-creation of the troop headed by the famed Mounted Police major, Sam Steele, and hopes to march his men from Calgary to Batoche, Sask., the scene of Riel's final battle. He was so taken aback with Deary's response ("The federal government has no program under which funding may be provided for anniversaries other than those of a truly national character") that he took the letter to The Canadian Press. Deary was quick to apologize, on the phone and in writing, for not reading carefully enough the form letter he had signed. "When we formed the troop, people on the street thought we were Hitler's cavalry," says McRae. "We thought we were just starting to be recognized"—obviously not by the secretary of state's office, which has now forwarded the request to another department.



Anne Potte and Caroleanne in *Wastewomen*; this, surely, seems to be no longer a problem

"I you want a Caroleanne, I'm the new who's new change!" yells Robert Caroleanne, the seventh son of this great Jack and brother of stars David and Keith. But two films in the post-production stage and an acclaimed performing performance in the Canadian feature *Wastewomen* has put Robert, beyond the point where being another Caroleanne is a disadvantage. In fact, the *Wastewomen* role of Stanley, an immature macho-type who cares more for his money (or than his beloved wife, seems to have been asked for this particular number of the family

Robert, the winner of a couple of American movie championships, will be driving his Caroleanne in Vancouver, Toronto and Texas. Anne, the next summer in the Trans-Am circuit. "The feeling I get just before the race begins is exactly how I feel when the lights go down at a premiere," he says.

Paul Edmondson, 37, has been warring out the shock absorbers of the automobile industry since the late 1960s. "My mother-in-law got a five-o'clock surprise," he says, referring to the inflated bills some people receive after asking for an assessment of change, "and I got into it." Various manufacturers have taken great exception to Edmondson's criticism. Nissan Motor Corp. paid him for \$4 million when he called their first 240Z a hawklane car. But Edmondson has never been sued successfully. At his Montreal-based Automobile Protection Association, Edmondson says, "We have 30 lawyers I guess we need 10." Synthesizing the 70,000 to 100,000 complaints and inquiries the ACPA gets every year, Edmondson writes

his annual best seller, *Lenox-Aid*, and the Canadian Ford *Fun Guide*. He also helps nation-wide action lawsuits such as the "Inadmissible Parents' owners' revenge upon General Motors." "I love the strategy, the tactics, the pleading in small claims court. Next year I may write *The Art of Cowpleading*," he says. The *Lenox-Aid* and *Fun Guide* business may be exciting, but Edmondson's passion for cars can become a bore. "At parties, doctors and lawyers get out a corner and say, 'What do you think of my Volvo?' When I tell them, they say, 'What do you know?'"

—EDITED BY BARBARA RICHMOND

and former Supreme Court of Canada justice Yves Fassin, have been instructed to argue when the hearings are held that the cause, as a Crown corporation, is exempt from common-law regulations.

The controversy has been building for two years. One of the cause's original political patrons is Eric Korman, minister of revenue in the Liberal government of Jean Lesage, who, with René Lévesque, its social welfare minister, created the cause in 1965 after Quebec opted out of the Canada Pension Plan and established its own provincial old-age security scheme.

Korman remains a defender of the cause but is a harsh critic of its general manager, who, he says, "is a living example of why you shouldn't give bureaucrats 13-year appointments." Korman resigned from the cause's board of directors in May 1986 in anger, by Fassin's ledger, speech statement that the cause would be required to lend \$1.1 billion to the treasury and another \$600 million in Hydro-Québec. It was, Korman argued, a usurpation of the board's authority.

The resignation, two weeks before Québec's referendum on sovereignty, was, Korman was advised, "used to shake public confidence in the government." "I'm not especially mad and haven't forgiven me since," he says. "I knew that I was being used."

But Korman says he did it if I didn't want a 'Yes' vote in the referendum. "But his quitting, if not his firing," Korman insists, was motivated by concern for the cause's future. "I thought a group had spent a lot of money and the cause was in a worse position."

Certainly, some of the big investment decisions made by Campesio appear to be motivated as much by old Québec issues as by the cause's profit. Doncor, for example, had long been denied for maintaining a predominantly English-speaking head office in Montreal while permitting its mills in Québec to deteriorate. Now the company is under government control, with 60 per cent of its stock held jointly by the cause and the Société générale de Québec.

Some of the stock will be retained by the cause, with the rest in the hands of an array of interested companies which will also have majority ownership of papermaker Doncor Inc. The cause has thus managed the effective nationalization of Doncor and merged it with Doncor's sister paper manufacturer the plant was over-

Another cause move with apparent political considerations was the sale, over last year, of natural gas distributor Gas Métropolitain. Under its former owner, Northern and Central Gas Corp. Ltd. of Toronto, Gas Métropolitain had been kindly rebuffed by successive Québec governments for its reluctance to expand Québec's natural gas delivery network. Since the cause takeover,



Campesio close to the public/powers

Northern streets were to be under assault as power should support the pavement to lay new gas conduits. Meanwhile, the cause is gradually transferring its Gas Métropolitain holdings to the Québec government's 50%-owned company—another quiet nationalization.

The deal making concluded in July, when the cause patronized its Québec ownership stake of the province's mining industry. It purchased Minémax Ltd. to form Brimacombe Resources Inc. which took over Noranda Mines Ltd. in August, the cause helped lever Power Corp. Chairman Paul Desmarais into a position as the major shareholder and board member of Consolidated Pulp Ltd., bringing the conglomerate under local, and French-speaking, influence.

And all of this has been accomplished on the spot. As the cause's Executive Director at Doncor or any other dealings in any other arena are considered, we have not been requested in the past to publish them, and our annual report does not show what we had. There is no obligation for us to be more precise than this. The shareholders are about to be paid up.

The CDC's southern paper chase

The deal was something akin to a coming of age. In contrast to the troubled crisis last year when the Canada (Development) Corporation (CDC) spent \$14 million to register the company, and Acquisitions Company of Canada Ltd. last year's \$15-million takeover led by CDC for Swiss Corp. owned only stated margins of approval in the business community. The agreeable needs were all the more reasonable because Swiss, with its headquarters, research and engineering close manufacturing facilities all in the United States, seemed an unlikely buyer for a company 60-per-cent owned by the federal government and, until now, resolutely directed toward Canadian ventures.

In fact it was Swiss that approached the CDC last summer when a merger with the U.S. arm of Olivetti, the Italian office-machine maker, led through. After supporting copies in the U.S. design by the Swiss Co. in Japan for several years, Swiss needed cash to boost ongoing sales with new machines built in the United States. Although a single copy has yet to roll off the new assembly line in New York state, the advance has so far run up \$215 million in debt.

While the Swiss balance sheet was not strong (it lost \$20 million in 1981), there were other attractions. Its 600 dealers in the United States and Canada have made Swiss the second-largest photocopier distributor in North America. That network, says CDC President Anthony Hanson, might eventually be used to distribute products of other CDC-controlled office-machine companies—ABS Data Ltd., Worplex Corp. and Delphix Systems.

Swiss also has proven potential in new technology. In 1980, the company introduced a novel, high-speed \$240,000 copier with a three optical imaging system instead of the bulky lens apparatus used in most copiers. The Swiss machines currently under development incorporate the Swiss process, invented by a Canadian. Here, legal trends support the usual procedure and the CDC hopes its Delphix high-speed printers can take advantage of the new copying process.

The purchase, says Hanson, is the CDC's last for at least the next year. He adds, "There's a tendency in some holding companies to go out and make splashy acquisitions and then forget what they own." With the coming of age, Swiss restraint seems also to have arrived.

—IAN ADAMS

SPORTS

A 55-per-cent chance of a Super strike

By Hal Quinn

As a type and keeps of Sunday's Super Bowl XVI faded, hangers-on studied and window-shoppers crowded the arena in Detroit, Mich. Super Bowl XVI was already in jeopardy. America's most celebrated annual sports event had raised millions of dollars for the hard-headed Detroit area, surrounded \$245,000 (U.S.) for 30-second TV commercials and netted the owners \$25,000 each, the unapologetic \$3,000. But the money doesn't alter the dissatisfaction they share with players on the National Football League's 26 other teams. To that end, they may all go on strike. "We are up against a tough group, a monopoly, with a lot of weight behind it," Ed Garvey, executive director of the NFL Players Association (NFLPA), and last week "We have stated our demands, and they have indicated that they aren't even willing to talk about it."

What the NFLPA is after when its general contract with the team owners expires July 15 is 55 per cent (at least) of gross revenues. The demand is unique in sports, and the figures are staggering. Based on projections for the 1982-83 season, the league will gross almost \$645 million. The players want \$351 million of that. "If we union strike is in demand for a per cent of the gross," says NFL Commissioner Pete Rozelle, "there could be trouble ahead."

The revenue attracted by the NFL, unfortunately, demonstrates that pro football is America's number 1 sport. Yet as Dave Muggery of the NFLPA, who played seven years for the St. Louis Cardinals and authored the first episode of the NFL, Out of Their League, says, "Of the four major professional sports [football, baseball, hockey and basketball], football players are the lowest paid—not only in average salary, but in percentage of revenues." Hockey and basketball players reap just over 10 per cent of gross revenues, basketball players take home more than 30 per cent, and football players receive 10 per cent. "In absolute terms the figures are ridiculous, a reflection of the state of our culture," says Muggery. "But in relative terms it's hard to begrudge the players their share."

The "individuals" figures include Ar-



Garvey (above), the Super Bowl trophy 'is a reflection of the state of our culture'



range annual net team revenue of far more than \$14 million (2080 figures). If the NFL players shared 55 per cent of that revenue, their average salaries would jump just below those of hockey and basketball players. With a new TV deal in the offing and pay TV anticipated by 1987, the revenues will render the adjective "individuals" grossly inadequate.

The battle lines are clearly drawn. As Garvey hosts out, "The players want hundreds of millions of dollars down the road that they don't want to share with the players, and 50 per cent of the players have registered support for our proposal." In fact, a survey of the 1,532 players indicates the majority favour demanding more than 50 per cent.

Among other issues that will make the first meeting between the NFLPA and the NFL Management Council on Feb. 16 will be central issues: contract renewal and artificial turf. "The players are at the mercy of their own selfishness and desire to play," says Muggery. "They trust the system and forget that the doctors are employed by the owners."

The Standard Research Institute reports that there are ten times as many football injuries on artificial turf than on natural grass. The players also want a hard look taken at their training ground—college football. Most players attend college for four years, yet of the 1,500 NFL players from 1960 to 1975, 65 per cent did not obtain degrees. The NFLPA characterizes college football as a money spinner for U.S. universities as a free system that football owners, as hockey, do not have to pay for.

Allied with, and strongly supported by, the NFLPA, the players' union has been concealed by the grandfatherly of U.S. unions. "One of their leaders was telling me the other night that after 40 years of negotiating with Ford, the union is still not respected," Muggery recalled last week. "We're not even at the top of the food chain. The NFL is trying to wipe us out. We're fighting for our lives." And that fight may require the use of the players' only weapon—a strike. "We have to realize that it might be necessary," says Garvey. "Players haven't won it."

The limitless pay for play

By Trent Fyfe

Once you get past the basic fact that no one should develop a betting strategy, the numbers started looking a hell of a lot better. Who's to argue that Wayne Gretzky is not worth \$10 million to the Edmonton Oilers over the next 10 years? If tens of thousands of people cannot be restrained from laying down their money all through the league clock to watch this procedure, what's a manager, who better should sweep in the pot? As Jim Bouton, the renegade former pitcher, once reflected, "Neither the players nor the owners deserve the money, but the owners deserve it even less because nobody comes to watch owners play."

The question that does arise in the wake of this latest Gretzky pact (it's only three years since he stood at centre ice in beautiful Edmonton and signed a "lifetime" 81-year agreement) is what next in the wonderful world of sports? And the answer doesn't appear all that complicated: more of the same, only more so.

Once, the richest entertainers were movie stars—Steve McQueen, commanding a million a picture, Marlon Brando demanding that much for a walk-on, Bart Reynolds expanding the improbable numbers to five million for one flick. But now the money such as clearing in playing the outfield for the Yankees, Dave Winfield slugging under fly balls and \$1.5 million a year. Mike Schmidt has agreed to stay at third base in Philadelphia for the next six years for \$10 million. Montreal's Gary Carter is prepared to leave the Expos next fall if owner Charles Bronfman looks at an eight-year pact for \$16 million.

Obviously, baseball players are rich and growing richer, and soon football players will be right there with them. NFL Commissioner Peter Rozelle is currently negotiating a new television agreement with the three commercial networks that is expected to yield \$1 billion over the next four years. TV money is split evenly among the 30 teams in the NFL, so the new agreement means each will collect more than \$9.9 million a season through 1985. That's before a single ticket is sold. Terrible, the players reflect, Groucho.

But as these figures are, they may scarcely ever be approaching the ultimate. Lurking in the workroom in the whole new concept of cable television, or pay TV. The football commissioner,

Jack Gaudin, is already looking down the lane to 1984, when he'll again be negotiating television rights in this country. Depending upon NFL negotiations, pay TV will be full in his thoughts. Right now, the NFL's three-year \$15.6-million deal with Carkling D'Keeffe for TV rights has two seasons to run, an arrangement supplying NFL teams with an annual \$50,000 each.

"Let's say that in 1984 there are four million cable homes [in truth, there are already more than that] and that a million are prepared to buy a pay-TV package," Gaudin hypothesizes. "Let's say we can sell a CRT package to 250,000 homes across the country at \$1 per game. That adds up to \$16 million a year." For nine teams it also adds up to \$12 million each before a quarterback throws a single interception.

The NFL is a tiny league in a sparsely



populated country when one peers inevitably southward. There, a guy named Mike Lynn thinks about cable TV and starts to shake. "Revenue eventually will be tremendous," says Lynn, the general manager of Bud Grant's Minnesota Vikings. "Suppose you get \$3 a week from, say, 60 million homes with pay TV. Pro football will be like the movie industry, and players, like movie stars, will become so powerful that they will demand—and get—whatever they want."

Regulatory red tape will have to be worked out and battles fought with commercial networks but, eventually, pay TV will come to pass because the hardware is there. "We're going into a completely new world of television," says a man named John Ladigham, a media professor at San Diego State University. "The processing is just now catching up with the dream and the technology. The systems to come would be beyond what you can imagine."

They're beyond anything sports owners can imagine, too, but this doesn't stop them from clanking as they gripe. Bill Giles, who headed a group that purchased the Philadelphia Phillies for some \$10 million a year ago, is exploring ways to get the Phils on a channel the club would own. "Projecting 500,000 subscribers at one or two bucks a game for 81 home games, you're getting into a revenue-generating potential that's awesome," Giles sighs.

It is, of course, because of such prospects that owners like Schmidt are able to get their hands to stop shaking when they sign players like Schmidt for \$10 million. Who knows how Peter Backlund, the Edmonton owner, keeps the belief of perspiration off his upper lip as he lives half of Alberta at the feet of Wayne Whitehouse? Even if pay TV were right around the corner, which it's not, not everyone regards it as the bottom some owners think it is. For instance, Peter Baroni, the former president of the Toronto Blue Jays, who has become a consultant in the whole area of satellite communications, manages restraint. "I would put two cents on the statement that pay TV is the salvation of sports," Baroni says. "First, the players' unions will find a way to move the cost of their services up to full in line with these new-found income levels. Second, especially in Canada, where we get so much sport on free TV, we're just not certain how many subscribers are ready to pay for more." Meanwhile, more over, Bart

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A tower of babel for the classroom

By Andrew Nikiforuk

When the bell rings at Richmond's Hollywood Public School, Cathy and Alison Storobek yank off hats and wigs and enter two different worlds. Cathy, 26, is in a French immersion classroom. Cathy, 31, a Ukrainian in Cathy's Grade 6 class, students speak and write Ukrainian most of the day, even while calculating long divisions in inches/cm or learning about the solar system in science.

For Malyda, a collection of Ukrainian short stories, joint standard literature texts, and physical education. Cathy does Ukrainian drama for folk dancing. "The more languages we have the better," announces the girls' teacher, Elizabeth Storobek.

Each school day nearly 350,000 Canadian children study a language other than French or English—languages as varied as Bulgarian, Spanish or Mandarin. It's called third or heritage language instruction. And as an offshoot of the federal government's 10-year-old multicultural policy, the programs have transformed some schools into veritable United Nations. With one in eight Canadians speaking languages other than French or English and immigration again on the rise (144,177 last year), demand has burgeoned. In Manitoba's public schools, bilingual classrooms in Ukrainian and English have grown from three to 56 in the past three years. While 77,000 students attend Ontario's Heritage Language Program (an enrichment course held after school), enrolment in Quebec's similar program has jumped from 618 to 1,600 in the past three years.

Across the country hundreds of community-run "Saturday schools," operating out of churches, schools and homes, where students that though they may forget their mothers, they must never forget their mother tongue.

Such schools reflect the growing political power of second- and



The Storobek sisters: two linguistic solitudes

third-generation Canadians. Alberta's DiGiiovanni, director of the Canadian Centre for Italian Culture and Education in Toronto, speaks to the heart of the matter: "To me the best Canadian is one who speaks the two official languages and the language of the tough work." Carrying to the very edge of interest in heritage languages, provincial, federal and foreign governments vie, often with Machiavellian intent, to fund the programs.



DiGiiovanni leading an Italian class in 'the language of the neighborhood'

Close on the heels of the highly charged debates on bilingualism, the spectre of multilingualism provides similar bitterness. A host of exasperated critics now say enough is enough. Many parents fear third language teaching will segregate or isolate the schools, while nationalists protest that it will threaten the country's integrity and swamp tax dollars. Some educators charge that the programs will create second-class citizens unable to cope in any one language, others, equally opposed, forecast the birth of a new multilingual elite.

Linguistic storms are particularly fierce now in Toronto. Modern proposals by the city's American and Ukrainian communities for "alternative school" status have stirred controversy even though the mother tongues would be taught only as language courses. Critics of "ghettoization" and advocates on the tower of babel greeted the groups' appeal to the Toronto Board of Education in 1988.

Undaunted, the city's ethnic trustees, who represent more than 30 of Toronto's school populations, responded last fall with a draft report recommending that the board integrate the teaching of third languages into the regular school day, where students warrant. The board will make its decision this month.

Institutionalizing such programs would radically alter the province's much-maligned Heritage Language Program—a political

current dropped by the Conservative government to garner the ethnic vote days before the 1979 provincial election.

So far, the program has funnelled \$80 million to a third of the province's school boards to help students representing 46 different linguistic groups learn languages as exotic as Urdu, Gujarati, Albanian and Vietnamese. But the courses run only 16 hours every week either after school or on Saturdays—hardly long enough for comprehensive learning.

Advocates, mean-

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adults, also their car from the west, where the third language teaching movement began almost simultaneously in the early '70s. On the Prairies, where, says the Romanos, Krieger and Tschernitschke grew up in the provincial cabinets, the issue is purely a matter of alternative education. These provinces vigorously defended involvement against the federal mandate on bilingualism by giving parents a choice. In a 1972 election move, Alberta's Social Credit government answered the appeals of Edmonton's Ukrainian Barminevsky's Association by changing the School Act so that any language could be taught up to 50 per cent of the time, depending on demand. The result: Edmonton's public school board introduced a Ukrainian-English class before the French immersion program. Now in Alberta there are 1,800 students enrolled in Ukrainian-English classes, 500 in Hebrew and 200 in German, while many are expected to fill a proposed Chinese program in the West.



Romanos with Allen understanding Greek roots

against Ontario's Heritage Language Program tomorrow, let alone the idea of integrating it into the school day. "They can't expect to put Kiev, Athens, Rome or Hang Kong in a little bottle on a shelf in the city of Toronto. It say it's nonsense." Even parents with children in the program think integration might be carrying the matter too far. "What are the safeguards to the future of Canada when you develop a multinational country? After a while you forget you are Canadian," says Peter Walter Gohls of the First Ukrainian Postsecondary Church.

Many Toronto teachers are asked to see the language programs working at cross-purposes. Children may follow heritage language programs after school while studying English as a second language during the day. Teachers have even been known to sabotage the heritage classes by removing pencil sharpeners from their rooms in misinterpretation.

Teachers destroy nationalistic streaks

Indeed, said, says Toronto's expanding ethnic community. There, additional reasons such as getting a job or continuing with relatives are cited for the benefits of third language education. Defuses Alberta McGovern's eight-year-old son, Carlo, "I don't know where you go to Italy, I can talk Italian." Claims also Romanos, who delivers 10-year-old students to a Toronto Greek school for five hours every Saturday. "It helps her communicate with her grandparents and understand me better."



Romanos and Allen
It's not just a game
It's a way of life
It's a way of life
It's a way of life

Ontario boards, opposition to the existing program remains strong for both educational and monetary reasons. "Here in Canada, you might as well become Canadian," contends Scarborough trustee Barbara Fenn, whose board has repeatedly voted down the program.

The nationalistic fervor evident in many programs also feeds the fears and prejudices of others. Most language tests used in the Ontario program and appearing in Saturday schools across the country readily betray their national origins. A Mandarin reader shows a family celebrating the flag of Taiwan. Tests from India might be relevant to children born in India, but not to native Canadians, admits Jack Berryman, a consultant for Ontario's Immigrant Program. Instructors, who range from high school students to qualified teachers, are largely foreign-born. So comprehensive is the Portuguese program that Portugal grants credits to students who have taken it and are also used in the mother country.

More worrisome is the role foreign governments play in language programs. The Japanese, Greek and Portuguese consulates, among others, and their representatives by providing either funds or education officers. The Toronto school board has had to fend off the advances of foreign governments wanting to get involved in the Heritage Language Program, says a vigilant Minute Magazine, the program's co-ordinator.

Another sore point is the degree to which the federal multiculturalism ministry uses heritage language to promote the political ideology of multiculturalism in education, a governmental program. It awards \$1.5 million every year to help teachers and help teachers for community-run language schools that teach up to 35,000 children. And if its ministry won't putting pressure on public school boards to generate programs, James Fleming replies, "If it walks into the education system, that's good."

To parents and trustees the federal initiative looks like a typical pie-in-the-sky adventure to buy a few votes. Despite such machinations and the intrusion of politics into what some regard as a purely educational matter, advocates such as McGovern have not lost their perspective. "I use individualism for my needs, not the government's needs. I think it's a good thing."

With Alex from Simon Fraser



Peter D'Amico's computer is the life of his computer in space. He looks like this Wednesday at 8:30 p.m.

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The northern lights probed

By Pat Glickler

When ice sheets begin covering the Newfoundland Sea and the sun no longer peeks over the horizon, most visitors to the high Arctic head for home. But not a team of 55 scientists and technicians from Canada, the United States and Scandinavia. To these specialists, winter—with its 24 hours of darkness per day—is the best possible time to study the elusive and mysterious "daytime" aurora beneath the red northern light that dances in the arctic sky. And the aurora occur near Cape Parry, one of Canada's northernmost outposts, is the most accessible place from which to launch research rockets into a poorly understood area of the Earth's magnetic field connected to the red aurora. After a month at Cape Parry, the scientists are now beginning to unravel and decipher miles of magnetic tape containing the data radiated back by the planet's five rockets. When the Canadian group meets for a brainstorming session later this month, the first stages in validating or disproving current theories will begin. "It's pure science," emphasizes Pekka Creutzberg, chief Canadian scientist of the joint effort. "But we're getting at very fundamental knowledge: how the atmosphere retains its integrity, how we are shielded from outside influences, and how we are managing to survive on this planet."

So far, the conflicting findings gathered from sporadic and ground observations have given rise to differing theories about how the streams of protons

bring "CONTAMIN" is the most ambitious and best-coordinated attempt to make extensive measurements on many different aspects of the daytime aurora." The Canadian contribution is about a third of the \$4-million project.

During the past decade, other studies of the nighttime aurora and the Earth's magnetic field have looked at the broad outlines of the picture emanating from the Earth's magnetic poles as lines of magnetic force that surround the Earth like a magnetic bottle. If it were visible, this "bottle," or magnetosphere, would appear as a teardrop up to 38 times the size of the Earth, with the rounded end always facing the sun and the tail fading off into infinity on the night side of the planet, while the dwarfed Earth spins inside it like a suspended marble.

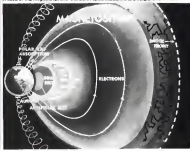
The main benefit of the magnetosphere, as far as scientists can tell, is to shield the Earth and its atmosphere from daily buffeting by the solar wind that rips away from the sun during solar magnetic storms and barrels toward the Earth at a pace approaching the speed of light. If the magnetosphere were not present to repel and capture these particles, they would wreak havoc on the atmosphere, generating dangerous radiofades and destroying the delicate ozone layer, which filters the sun's ultraviolet light.

But so it is, the solar wind provides to the most striking and mysterious phenomenon in the night sky. For generations, the Inuit have imagined the dancing northern lights, or aurora, to be a celestial ball game and have warned their children not to play outside at night—above all, not to whistle.

and electrons has on as solar wind enter the Earth's magnetic field. Also in question is what impact this famous material has on the atmosphere. And although sounding rockets have probed the daytime aurora region before, a coherent overview has not emerged.

Rocket project CONTAM (Cleft Magnetospheric, Transport and Ultraviolet Radiation), sponsored by Canada's National Research Council (NRC) and the U.S. National Aeronautics and Space Administration (NASA), began Canada's

A slice of the magnetosphere: The Earth spins inside it like a suspended marble.



Otherwise, the sky people, always on the lookout for new bills, might swoop down to chop off their heads. The current scientific theory on what causes auroras is more prosaic. The trapped electrons and protons in the solar wind, streamlines below, stream along lines of force to a vast reservoir at the rear or night portion of the magnetosphere from they become accelerated and energized. (The CONTAM data should help to explain why.) As the energized solar particles interact chemically with molecules in the atmosphere, they produce cascades of gray, green, purple, or red light, the color depending on the altitude and energy of the particles.

But one main target of CONTAM's experiments was the reddish aurora on the opposite, or daytime, side of the Earth—visible only at midday during the winter in the polar regions. This unusual aurora is red because the particles causing it have low energies and are very high (about 300 km) above the Earth. It glows near the top of the other main target of the NRC-NASA quest: an apparent "hole" in the bottle, which some scientists believe to be the main entry point for the solar wind. There are, in fact, two "holes"—called cusp or clefts—in the magnetosphere, both facing the sun, one near the north, the other near the south magnetic pole.

If the solar wind does enter the magnetosphere at the cusp, then scientists will have to discern exactly what sorts of particles come in and how they enter. While scientists know that the solar particles have not merely been falling up inside the magnetosphere for centuries, they are unsure about how the particles are kept balanced in the Earth's atmosphere. Perhaps some form hydrogen atoms, which may blow away. The energized particles that create the auroras, Creutzberg suggests, probably wash out in the direction of the moon. Ultimately they may connect with magnetic fields from the sun or from elsewhere in the galaxy.

In late an unjamming the middle, the CONTAM team sent five rockets soaring through, and over, the red aurora and the top of the cusp. On board were sensitive instruments to measure magnetic and electric fields, temperature, radio waves, optical properties and the energy and mass of the particles. During their 15-minute flight, the rockets released data back at a rate of 200,000 numbers per second, totaling more than 184 million bytes of information per rocket per flight. This foray into pure science may also generate some practical information. Shortwave radio fans may learn why the solar wind interferes with radio transmission. In addition, some clues may emerge to explain how, if at all, solar particles influence weather patterns. ☐

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Uranium triggers a public clamor

By Michael Chagston

Nova Scotia hasn't seen a squabble like this for years. Norma Flynn, a nursing home worker, has rounded up the names of some 400 neighbors on a petition against uranium mining. People who have never before defended a cause, among them Westville physician Wayne Phillips, have decided to join the activist Elizabeth May, a veteran environmental crusader from Halifax, in back at the barricades and reports. "I've never seen anything like this public involvement." Adds another activist: "It felt as if I'm part of the Salvation Army." The firm



May (standing, left) and campaigners: feeling like part of the Salvation Army

is causing an end of frustration at the Windsor offices of Kidd Creek Mines, which has spent \$6 million looking for uranium. Ray Juke, of the company's environmental affairs department, holds up a bottle of brilliant yellow refined uranium in one hand and a jar of grey uranium tailings in the other. "This stuff is simply not dangerous."

Since 1975, when theoretical models suggested significant uranium deposits in the province, more than a dozen companies have staked out 11 million acres and begun exploring. Because Nova Scotia's mineral potential is unique in North America, they expect to find tin and other valuable metals as well as low-grade uranium. So far only the Kidd Creek site at Millet Brook, about 50 km west of Halifax, has shown much promise, but another year's drilling is needed to settle the question. Although no mine would open before 1986 at the earliest, a public clamor over exploration has ended 30 opposing organiza-

tions—including county and municipal councils and the United Church—and spurred the formation of some 12 community groups. With Premier John Buchanan expected to introduce a public inquiry into the issue shortly, the debate is reaching a climax. It is already focusing attention on the recent rejection of uranium mining in B.C. and Labrador.

The protesters fear that a uranium mine could pollute the air, soil and water with radioactive poisons. They cite an accumulation of studies showing that low-level ionizing radiation causes premature aging and exacerbates the health problems of people who suffer

In the past, tailings here by water have polluted wide areas—notably in Elliot Lake, Ont., where some 100 km of river and lakes have been killed over the years. Yet Don Pollock, regional manager for Kidd Creek Mines, asserts that if the tailings are meticulously buried on bedrock in a well-chosen location, they would be no more dangerous than the background radiation that emanates naturally from the granite covering much of Nova Scotia.

Environmentalists call Pollock's scheme just another unproven theory. So far, they retort, even the Atomic Energy Control Board of Canada admits that the problem of long-term tailings disposal has not been solved. Concerned about "irreversible damage" to farmland downstream from the Millet Brook site, the Nova Scotia Federation of Agriculture has spoken out against uranium exploration, mining and milling.

On other matters, Juke's confidence at public meetings often draws equally skeptical reactions. He suggests, for example, that the industry's recent safeguards have stopped the high rate of cancer among uranium miners, although the June 1980 report of the U.S. National Institute of Occupational Safety and Health (NIOSH) says their risk is still greater than twice the general average. He denies that current radiation exposure standards have enormous margins of safety built in, while the same NIOSH report says there are none whatever. And studies from across the continent are implying that very low levels of radiation are not absolutely harmless, as John asserts.

The Nova Scotia departments of mines and health have encouraged the province to assure community groups that the strictest precautions would be followed if a mine opened. "But they don't trust us," says Jack Garnett, the director of nuclear resources in the department of mines. Although the promise of jobs has driven more than 200 applications to Kidd Creek, the protest has yet to provide a noisy backdrop in this region of high unemployment.

In fact, public pressure has already started to throttle the exploration. Last September—just before the recent provincial election—the Nova Scotia government stopped issuing new exploration permits. The outcry also prevented exploration of a major water table and game reserve. It may be, as one campaigner observed in a letter to the *Halifax Journal*, that "nervous only sound where public opposition is weak." ☐



NOVA SCOTIA: A GROUP OF CHILDREN AND THEIR PARENTS, INCLUDING ELIZABETH MAY, WHO IS A VETERAN ENVIRONMENTAL ACTIVIST.



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Mr. Trudeau's Polish ramblings

By Barbara Amiel

It was clear from the start of last December's interview that cr's three Philps wanted to set the record straight. "You've been criticised about your pacifism in respect to Poland," said Philp, assistant Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau, "and in fairness to you, I don't think you point what they said you said, namely that you feel martial law is better than a civil war."

But the prime minister would have none of this. "Hugues," "Wol," what are they saying, that it was better to have the Communist party in Poland continue in office, making the Solidarity strike with what? We see unions in Canada are always asking for more I don't suppose the union movement in Poland is very different... hopefully the military movement will be able not only to keep Solidarity from excessive demands but keep the Communist government from excessive repression."

Had such an exchange taken place publicly between a network correspondent and the president of the United States or the British prime minister, an unlikely row would have erupted. Those might even have been calls for resignation or impeachment. In Canada there was only a follow-up press conference, given by External Affairs officials who, enlarging on Trudeau's thesis, spoke of the surprising "degrees of tolerance" Moscow had shown by not intervening in Poland. Canada, and the officials, now Marched endorsement in the Polish cry as a merely applying a little "moral assistance" to that recalcitrant country. It was not only the occasion of this line of reasoning that was so extraordinary, but the reasoning behind it.

In order to follow Trudeau's argument, it is necessary to accept his statement that there is a philosophical difference between the Communist party in Poland and the present military regime. This is patently absurd. For one thing, it was Wojciech Jaruzelski, the leader of the Polish Communist party, who summoned Wojciech Jaruzelski, the premier of Poland, and told him to call in the military, exactly headed by

Gen. Wojciech Jaruzelski

For another, the Soviet Union, as Mr. Trudeau must realize, exercises a crushing influence on Poland—one that is both military and economic. By now it is hardly necessary to document the military threat presented by Soviet troops back inside Poland and poised on Polish borders. If the Canadian view is that this military presence represents "moral assistance," then perhaps we should accept certain changes in our society, including the deletion of blackness from the Criminal Code.

Seen more damning is the economic

of very fine sand. In exchange Hungary ships food to East Germany and bananas to Czechoslovakia. Then we get back automobiles from East Germany and cars from the Czechs, which we ship to the Soviets. And in exchange we get another load of top-quality very fine grade of sand."

The top quality sand the Soviets gave the Poles after the '75 trade agreements contributed substantially to the mounting Polish debt. It also contributed to the decision to try to avoid a direct invasion of Poland. By avoiding that the Soviets could defend Western indignation and maintain the Trojan horse's duty of Western currency and trade.

In the end, that seemingly sound deception by Moscow was blithely ignored by Trudeau. Instead, what we heard from our prime minister was a remark: "Now Left politics. These policies not only refuse to accept reality but demand reality's falsification. Such an approach was manifest in Trudeau's suggestion that Soviet imperialism in the Eastern Bloc is the same as U.S. imperialism in Canada. Or that the problem Solidarity poses is the same as the Warsaw

problem unions cause in Canada. One can't help wondering the next time a trade union here decides to endorse a new political party, whether the prime minister will call out the troops. At the heart of Trudeau's comments, however, is the false dichotomy he sets up. Essentially, he is arguing that the only choice the West has is to endorse martial law or to wait until Poland. There is another choice. It is possible to condemn firmly what is happening in Poland. It is possible to end the effectiveness of Moscow's Trojan horse and not feed it Canadian grain and credits—a request Solidarity itself made in its historical for our prime minister to speak of the "economic" demands of the Poles when they are simply asking for a system that will allow the people who make use of central Europe's richest agricultural countries to be able to buy a loaf of bread on demand.

But then perhaps Moscow's "moral assistance" has reached far beyond the borders of the Warsaw Pact.



petate) on which the Soviets have haunted Poland. That subject is staff as work a book. Documents that become available during Poland's thaw indicate that in 1976, when the Polish debt to the West was a manageable \$2.7 billion (U.S.), the Soviets decided to implement certain "trade agreements" that effectively set up Poland as the Kremlin's Trojan horse in the West. Poland obtained hard currency and semi-finished products from the West. Then, the Soviets forced the Poles to sell their vast quantities of food, finished products and heavy machinery, air for dollars or even rubles—but for a new form of currency that was negotiable in the West or in other Eastern Bloc countries. Trade figures indicate that the Soviets then exported more of these Polish products for hard currency. It all brought to mind a job current in the Warsaw Bloc during the 1950s: "How does trade with the Soviets work?" one Thompson asks another. "Simple," is the response. "They send us a shipment

Playing with figures in a world of smoke and mirrors

THE MONEY LENDERS

By Anthony Sampson
(General Publishing Co., \$22.95)

They see themselves as the quasi-moralist capitalists, these international bankers, carefully assessing projects and placing loan money at risk around the world. Nonetheless, says Anthony Sampson, there is a hard instinct at work in all of this that means a little sense of failure. Worse, as he writes late in his new book, *The Money Lenders* is the way that bankers have taken deposits from the oil-rich nations and mindlessly funnelled them elsewhere. There has been, he writes, "wastage on a far greater scale than the most mismanagement and agency model have dreamt of—whether they went to the private offices of President Nasser in Cairo, or bribes to Indonesian officials or to the Communist party funds in Warsaw."

The hand didn't always exist. The

first major syndicated loan (where a number of bankers joined to share the risk, which is how most major international loans are handled) was in 1960 when Iran borrowed \$80 million (U.S.). After that, the bankers found plenty of eager borrowers willing to borrow. While the bankers of the 18th century made money available for railways and other nation-building schemes, Sampson says that today's bank is just lending, having ended investment in the real economy.

The loan amounts are staggering. Brazil and Mexico each owe some \$75 billion (U.S.). And the repayment problems are equally worrisome for the likes of Peru, Turkey and the current hot spot, Poland, where \$97 billion (U.S.) is owed and interest payments have fallen behind. While the banks might see an industrial's farm, they will never declare a country bankrupt because the sums are too huge. Says Sampson, who spent some time in the 1970s in the world of the money lender, "the bankers are lost."

Jampson: Bankers have had an image problem since the days of Jesus

banks continue to maintain country loans "If I owe a million dollars, there's no limit. But if I owe fifty billions the bankers are lost."

While Sampson has walked the world and peered behind the closed ledger eyes of the bankers, this is not as good a book as his ground-breaking study of



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multinational of companies, *The Seven Sisters*. The research isn't as complete, nor does he do much more than write with the morality of international loans by recommending the creation of another world bank that would oversee a more central development of the Third World. Without a massive deficit, one that the bankers themselves won't allow, world openness is unlikely to bring behind Simpson's proposal. Bankers never lose the principal on these deals, although they often have to postpone or reduce the interest payments. If they don't let a country off the payment hook permanently, other borrowers might ask for the same. And defaults are not a great deal bankers play.

Nor do they worry much about being liked or being clean. Since Jesus threw the money changers out of the temple, bankers have had an image problem. These modern-day Medici are no different. Tom Claxton, former head of the Bank of America and now head of the World Bank, refused to be interviewed. Citibank's chairman, Walter Wriston, on the other hand, comes off as the witty and careful banker being that he is. And there's a good reason, too, of the function and fables of former Chase Manhattan chairman David Rockefeller. In all, this is a lively and learned look at a world of smoke and mirrors, a book that goes some distance to dispense the Order. Nash explains "bankers are just like everybody else except neither." —DOUGLAS McQUEEN

MACLEAN'S BEST-SELLER LIST

Fiction

- 1 *Noble House, Christi (L)*
- 2 *The Hotel New Hampshire, Irving G.*
- 3 *How I Spent My Summer Holidays, Whelan*
- 4 *An Infernal Obsession, McCallum (H)*
- 5 *Rocky Horn, Almond (L)*
- 6 *Coke, King (S)*
- 7 *The Rebel Angel, Davies (H)*
- 8 *God Emperor of Dune, Herbert (H)*
- 9 *Freedom Land, Pridley (H)*
- 10 *Go Slowly, Come Back Quickly, Weiss (S)*

Nonfiction

- 1 *The Angelmaker, Norwood (L)*
- 2 *Planes Across the Border, Barnes (S)*
- 3 *The Art of Robert Bateman, Davis (L)*
- 4 *The Lord God Made Them All, Pridley (H)*
- 5 *Invitation to a Book of Writings, Steel (L)*
- 6 *Ways of Prosperity, Goldsberry (H)*
- 7 *Disastrous Progress, Alford (H)*
- 8 *The New Canadian Real Estate Investment Guide, Brown*
- 9 *The Game of Our Lives, Gosselin (S)*
- 10 *Concom, Sears (H)*

(1) *Planes Across the Border*

FILMS

The power and the guilt



Simon Burke at confession, attempt to understand the grip of Roman Catholics

THE DEVIL'S PLAYGROUND

Directed by Fred Schepisi

The ethos of *The Devil's Playground*, set in an Australian seminary in 1955, will be aching familiar to Roman Catholics, so those acquainted with the religion's psychology it might seem surprising. A former seminary student, writer-director Fred Schepisi (*The Chant of Jimmy Blacksmith*), has weekly (but not to seek revenge on Roman Catholics) instead, he attempts to understand the power it can exert on people, especially the grip it had on him. With understanding comes the ability to laugh at or with the material, and as Schepisi has brought a clumsy comic tone into play. While *The Devil's Playground* may indeed elicit grins of recognition from the formerly faithful—and shock from the sceptical—it's never really intended or petty, in fact, it's rather sympathetic to the psychosocial predicament of both the students and the Marist Brothers who teach them.

Like all orthodox Roman Catholics, the Marist Brothers believe that "an undisputed mind is the devil's playground" and that the body is the well of sin. Brother Francis (Arthur Dignam), the most repressed of the brothers, is wracked by dreams of naked women. Basting insistently underwater. The rest too have their doubts, except for one ancient, worldly-

wise fellow, each holds a tormenting secret in his face—dear Sen, or rather the repression of it, keeps rearing his head in nearly every frame of *The Devil's Playground*. Not only has sexuality been repressed with temptation and the road to hell, but sexuality has been repressed. In the opening shot of the movie the boys splash around a swimming hole

Seminary shower: body is the well of sin



with the delirium of released passions, as all for a moment's glimpse against longing, a troubled lot of boys forms a secret religious society which is actually as much for sadomasochistic revolt.

In this painfully asexual atmosphere, each one clings to any kind of sensual experience outside the religious regimen, and the effect Schepisi achieves is to make the physical world around them insensitively bare. There is a marvelous sequence when the school is on a retreat (nobody is allowed to speak for three days) and 12-year-old Tom (Simon Burke), apparently Schepisi's alter ego, throws a pebble into the lake. The sound of it hitting the water is a noise in this silent world of denial is a shock on his and steering as the temptress in a symphony. One by one the boys throw pebbles, then rocks, until their sexual gratification rises to the level of the music. The sequence is scorchingly, magically funny.

Schepisi's autobiographical Tom, sexually repressed and bed-wetting in the sympathetic focus of this wonderful movie, which represses and liberates than just to tell its story. Puberty for Tom is a curse. No doubt increases with every new friend. The seminary is a place where laughter is frowned upon, and Tom with no part of it. *The Devil's Playground* is a light. For an O'Connell story turned inside out, the humor being more catholic than planet and casual. As a study in Catholic guilt and redemption the film has few peers. Like his fellow Australian film-makers, Schepisi is not afraid to show the repressed, but as a screenwriter he still has a problem getting from one scene to another. Perhaps he is too used to risk to say things—an expression of his likely be turned into a gift in the future. For the present, he has made a movie that's like a high mass accompanied by nervous titters. In this playground there are still kinds of rules and brains, but the viewer's attention: because the silence that he'll hear them.

—LAURENCE O'NEILL

And a big hand for the snake

VINO

Directed by Peter Maggari

If the squashed are at all sensible, they will avoid *Vino*, rather than suffer the fervent misadventures. The main character is surely side-stepped a long, zigzag highway of nature called the black snake, held up in a London townhouse where it slithers along the heating ducts, ready

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Kishu, Lance Malcolm: reptilian horror

In a trial of any contest from the
hour are two winners: Oliver Reed
and Klaus Kinski, holding the auto-
matic son of a wealthy hotel-chain
owner hostage. Hot-headed Reed has al-
ready that a policeman, the boy's
grandfather (Gloria Hayden) has al-
ready arrived on the scene, and a
comportable maid, played by the lan-
guage Susan George, has already left
the black man's jaw. His desire
should go on just as one of the most
bizarre of all time.

Since *Venus*, which has been fan-
tastically directed, is a no-nonsense
movie, it comes as no surprise that a
good doctor (Gloria Hayden) arrives with
the survivors. Through a rare the two is
pulled into the confetti of the house to
prepare and wait for the black man's
with the rest. Outside, the detective,
embodied by the witty Nicol Williamson,
who seems incapable of a boring per-
formance, is dealing with the villains
and awaiting the minutes away.

The real villain—and star—of the
piece is the black man himself, so
vicious and mean the real life the set-
back. The camera has kindly ridged
her with her own point of view is (sub-
tly less) and a sort of imperial demon-
strations seldom attain. When she
makes her way up a wounded Oliver
Reed's past leg, audiences are likely to
swell the universality. And, at the end,
she leaves a little groans. Undoubtedly,
we will find out more about that in
Venus II.

—L. OT

DANCE

Stuck in the middle again

Watching a performance of Les Ballets Jean de Meudal in much like watching a "disco-ense" class work itself into a quasi-or-
gasmic lather of shimmying, shaking, ju-
ging and high kicking. Spurred by sensu-
ous dance lovers, the company serves a
constituency of fans who expect bold ac-
tion, sex and loud thump-dump music
rather than the subtlety and physical
expertise of more academic dance
forms. Within this limited context, Les
Ballets Jean de Meudal is marvellous. However,
this popular but impoverished company
has ambitions to be taken more seri-
ously, especially by the Canada Council,
which has denied it operating grants,
saying its product is commercial show-
dancing. Unfortunately, as it begins a
three-month tour of Canada and France
in Toronto last week, there were still
grave problems of artistic credibility.

To begin with, the company's choice
of music is obstinately low-brow and
self-defeating. Featuring his grinding
dance girls on slinky black lustards and
boys in black stretch pants, the opening
number, *Shades of Jazz*, was a rather
clashed rendering of some syntheti-
cally-languored New Orleans. Two other
pieces, *J'Fais Danse* and *Les Perfectly*
Swirl, also used distorted jazz forms
closet to rhythm and blues, pop or rock
trends, where the jazz of Duke El-
ington, Philip Rahsaan and Ray Brown
seems to be the only jazz that the com-
pany seems only distantly in-
spired by the music.

A major problem is that the cho-
rographers, accustomed to creating

show-chance spots for stage and TV, seem
to think in short segments. This was
particularly true in the longest piece,
Rael Lash's *Les Perfectly Swirl*, a crazy
hash of dance and musical styles. A
brilliant pas de deux with Anne Harnett
and George Randolph showing a rap-
idly balletic sexuality was squeezed between
two *blow-outs*—a highly unrefined
touch of *Impresso*. There was another
odd shift of mood with the rhythmic and
balletic style of black dancer Marie Dom-
estique Chausse. After a lolly-souled
interlude, the dance ended with a
Hades-in-the-hellhouse fantasy with
Randolph as the devil in white suit, de-
vouring a frenzied Fred Astaire parody.

It became disconcertingly obvious
that, with the exception of the dancing
Lynn Sheppard, the dancers most capa-
ble of working inside the music were the
three American-trained black dancers,
including Randolph. Their physical
sophistication and joyful showmanship
helped to elevate the largely scholastic
material. Some American companies,
such as the Alvin Ailey American
Dance Theater, make a fine use of
popular music, overriding even the weakest
music with gaudy theatricality. For Les
Ballets Jean de Meudal, a difficult be-
cause few of the dancers are rooted in
the musical culture they attempt to
bring alive. There's the possibility of
overcoming the problem with an un-
derstanding of the music, but the solu-
tion would be a refinement of their
music and choreographic base until
they find a richer root of expression.

—JOHN AYCO

Dancers in *Les Meudal's* quasi-religious lather of shimmying, shaking, ju-
ging



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McLoyd at his McLoyder: challenging the piano as the basic tool of composition

Melodic and rhythmic ghosts in the machine

Picking an arbitrary and a cup of coffee on the gleaming black console, David McLoyd sits down to compose. One hand plays a simple riff on the piano keyboard while the other darts across the typing keyboard and summons up the sound of a harpsichord. Fingers flickering between the two, he adds a bass line, a chord pattern, a trumpet, a key change and each piece of the music is recorded by a computer. He types the word "Trombone" and the chords are repeated by what sounds like a steel drum, leading the Mozart-like melody into a calypso. Then, with the push of a button, an *avant-garde musical* score of his composition appears on the video screen like a trail of fluorescent-green footprints; the notes materialize in sequence, complete with staves, bars, dots and key signatures. His final trick is to transfer the music to paper. A microchip per plate lets light streaming across a page, neatly replacing the score into perfectly publishable notation.

The machine, named after its creator, is a revolutionary computer synthesizer called the McLoyder. Essentially, predates the 30-year-old Toronto musician and composer, it will replace the piano as the basic appliance for composing and arranging. A virtual chairman of musical instruments, the McLoyder can rapidly slice, dice and release a complex arrangement into scores for separate instruments. "Things that used to take hours and even days can be

achieved in a blink of an eye," says John V. Gilbert, music professor at New York University, home of one of the country's largest music faculties. "Its versatility entices any other synthesizer on the market and completely alters the approach to computer music." By eliminating the drudgery, it allows the composer to spend more time being creative. "After years of manual tinkering," says McLoyd, "why should you spend time messing with a bottle of ink?"

Although there are only three models in existence, demonstrations have already secured a keen interest among artists ranging from jazz musicians Chick Corea to singer Steve Wonder. Raelson Industries, the Toronto firm that manufactures and markets the instrument, expects to sell 500 of them this year, and 14 are slated for delivery this spring. All but one to U.S. clients. Costing anywhere from \$22,000 to \$25,000 (depending on options), the McLoyder is fully modular. It grafts a 30-channel digitally controlled analog synthesizer to a computer memory, a typing panel, a video display terminal and a pen plotter. The deluxe model can reproduce 4,000 sounds, simulate the sounds of 128 instruments at once and store up to 15 million notes. A one-power can "tag" through a complex piece of music without worrying about tempo, then have the machine play it back in perfect time—faster, slower, backward, upside down or inside out.

While computer synthesizers have been around for 20 years, the McLoyder is one of the few to be designed for the musician rather than the technician. Avoiding the usual mass of knobs and dials, it takes commands in plain English. "The computer should be as tangible to the musician as the harpsichord and even more the piano are invisible to the pianist," says McLoyd, a conservatory-trained musician from Nebraska. His invention evolved from ideas for an M.S. thesis he was preparing at the American Conservatory of Music in Chicago 15 years ago. Tinkering himself computer technology, he built the instrument and got so wrapped up playing it he abandoned the thesis. After three years, the current product has 10 times the capability and still fits in a car.

Such technological advances in music provoke criticism from purists who feel grandiosity will become a substitute for talent. But McLoyd insists his intention is not at all. "You have to be a musician to play it," he says. Indeed, the machine has been hailed as a valuable teaching tool, and a quarter of Raelson's orders have come from American universities. But Jim Tenney, a composer and music professor at Toronto's York University, says he is suspicious of any trend toward musical automation. "I think there's something to be said for making composition difficult, so it's done by people who are devoted to it and know they're not going to get rich from it."

Others worry that the McLoyder may be too conventional. Laurie Spiegel, a New York composer on the frontier of computer music, does not consider the McLoyder the last word in synthesizer power even though she has ordered one. Spiegel, whose work was isolated into space with the *Tapeage* synthesizer, says the McLoyder is dependent upon orthodox linear music and acquires the feel of a piano to create sound pictures of USA, molecules, and she feels the McLoyder may not be flexible enough.

The machine's appeal, however, is to the mainstream of the music industry, not just jazz and avant-garde composers and jungle writers. "What interests me," says composer Peter Jernigan, music co-ordinator for MTV, "is being able to write multi-part arrangements and edit as you go along."

Frederick O'Connell, who originally came up with the invention to expedite his own work as a composer, now spends most of his time demonstrating it to prospective clients. "Years ago when I was a naive young man," he says, "I thought I could spend a few thousand dollars and have a new musical instrument to play. But no, I have to go out and share it to the world."

—BRAND D. JACOBSON

Still cruising the high Cs

In the dead of a Sunday morning outside Toronto's Massey Hall, scores of hopefuls lined up as semi-regulars and Mexicanos words to form a queue around a Van Halen cassette. The Jan. 17 rental by the Caruso of the 90s, Luciano Pavarotti, and the Wayne Gretzky and the visiting Edmonton Oilers on the last night of home arena play in the chaotic sold-out sold as high as \$200. An uncontested that several hundred additional seats would be set up on stage brought frustrated fans out in the winter cold, inadvertently underscoring the notion of singers, who were finally forced to ascend their tribunes at last (page 16).

The belatedly-headed and muffled stage was also underlined by other ca-

sonated, his taste and his sympathy. The *Agente* from Verdi's *Requiem*, with its great moments and choral at the end, was chosen as thrilling as when he recorded it 15 years ago. *Luciano Pavarotti* was loved, weighed down with humble supplication and in Schubert's soaring *Die Messe*, a trademark of divine such as *Monte Ticheli*, the singer turned his back on the hall to sing the second verse to the enthusiastic who managed to secure last-minute berths on the stage. The merrily, gentle sounds of his vanishing greatness imbued the large audience and made one wonder who was regularly was built on fortissimo head notes.

The second half of the program was mostly devoted to those marvelous



Pavarotti's command, love, empathy

and glowing vocal, and the unbroken antithesis was that he might be forced to leave).

But shortly after 9 p.m., his fan base felt shredded in talk, his obligatory who applauded waving from his feet, Pavarotti strayed outside and finished his 1,000-kilometre walk. There was little of the glitters, powdered bulk, surrounded in *The Globe* and *Met* the day before, a portrayal that reportedly rendered the singer thus manly, Pavarotti had shunned his self down to respectable operatic heft. For Pavarotti, some inviolable is a curtain for romance and soaring projection.

Two Mozart arias scheduled to open the show were heaped in favor of his enacting selections—except for a few little trifles—from the 18th-century Italian repertory, tenors, with the most delicate vocal in opera, and shimmering up. But when Pavarotti began three rapid passes, there was no doubt of his

renewed charisma by the popular usage. Pavarotti's renderings around the shores of the sailing up or the jump in the show, inspired such susceptibility and proved that even the overreaching can be artistic. There were to end a supply on the bi-tenorly nostalgia, controlled by the Italians and the Irish. John McClelland, an exemplary of *Mozart*, sang some tears with *Robert Mott*.

and *Benvenuto* Gligli was as quick as a heart-wrenched soul, as one would surely they could not help but applied their golden, Pavarotti his version of *De Cretis*. *Torino* a *Servizio* made one want to run to book passages to the wine-warmed south of Italy.

Pavarotti's magical charm almost, if not quite, obliterated questions about his phenomenon. Detractors have growled that his preoccupation with celebrity has made him indifferent to more crucial, that performance consistently belied that cynical new *Tra*, there are preaching tenors as good, if not better. Pavarotti's *De Cretis* was a familiar and his repository voice, and Jan. 19's *Requiem* for negotiating a fairly powerful voice through years of great dramatic soliloquy is impaired. But Pavarotti is now opera's Ambassador at Large, the first such male star since Caruso. It has a lot to do with that unruffled quality, that other called charisma. —BILL MACVICKIN

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Consequential consequences

By Allan Fotheringham

The reason so many Canadians don't stand in disgust: Trudeau is that they're in, subconsciously, that the still has such an effect on the political future of this country. It would be a pity if the disappearance into the dungeons of the Galters, or even a part of the past Elizabeth Taylor, it says for the National Enquirer and the businessmen. Also, we all realize deep down that the world's youngest and most beautiful sharp and taller is still a factor in the turbulent identity of our most temperamental prime minister.

Following out Margaret King on points only in Margaret's latest pathology and will forever remain an antagonist in the *Private/Secret* railway-tracks drama of whether he returns or stays on to suffer our wheat forever.

After a relative silence of three years—the collective public holding its breath in anticipation that the embarrassment was over—she has lurched forth with her second book, in the continuing saga of all the things we were afraid she might tell us. As the well-known vice-president of the Defend Margaret League—as it is called from teenage days—your humble scribe felt that her first book, *Beyond Bruce*, in fact was authoritatively welcomed in that it told us more about P. Trudeau than it did about M. Trudeau. The scandalousness of the newspaper-censoring indeed did not do her justice, a reading of the complete book revealing quite a different story, quite an honest, pertinent journey through the wilderness.

Well, we finally admit, we must resign from our role, rolling our eyes into the moral zones and sucking our teeth at the latest blubberings at the cocaine of putting a back. When Margaret-trudeau has accepted herself back into the political spectrum, ensuring that her husband—perjured as the innocent, silent victim—will set up a decade of public sympathy from an estranged public. *Julian Fotheringham is a columnist for Boston News.*

The lady is a bigger factor in our political life than Joe Whiz.

Margaret's son, in the public eye, has nothing to do with the scandal that of course she lays out for us. The fact that Jack Nicholson taught her one evening just how much more there was in the back seat of a Daimler is not, in the scheme of things, of great consequence to those intent to startle verbal destruction. Her outrageous revelations of what happens when she stands up in the toilet seat in the men's restrooms in the Beverly Wilshire Hotel will not jeopardize the construction drama. Her



son in bed with Ryan O'Neal? He had a nice mind who brought us breakfast in bed and told me that I was the only person she had met, aside from Ryan, who never ever, wanted to get up? Consider it as that here in a still-wounded lady who has suffered her sexual atrocities to the level of pointing down to the corner store for a loaf of bread.

The coy hints about Senator Edward Kennedy ("a secret I intend to keep") by now are timeless. Christy's *Secrets*, alas, *Supernova*? The "Pervasive playboy"? The Texas cowboy with the horns? The Philharmonic Doughboy? Who cares anymore? There was a young man walking down Vancouver's Granville Street last week proudly wearing a T-shirt that boasted that he was not one of the men in North America who had seduced Margaret Trudeau last, yes, he had supplied her with cocaine. Where does life end and satire begin? Only in the land of Bob and Doug McKenna.

We do not desire Margaret for her

comments on her husband—"a paramorous man old enough to be my father." The public will never forgive her in the knowledge that her three sons are now 18, 6 and 6 and can read and have school chums who can read. The bitchy comments about the "suburban" tastes of Margaret Trudeau only confirm the *Stooge* 14 read. What is annoying is something else altogether.

The consequence of *Consequences* is that Pierre Trudeau, lucky Pierre, comes out on top once again. The wave of public sympathy that washed over the world's most famous single parent following Margaret's *Bailing* stones are in about to be ground in again.

The man cannot lose for winning. He dangled Canadians in 1968 as the worldly lion vinted who too good with winning teenagers, the rich, cerebral capitalism who drove a Mercedes and stood on his head at parties. The voters were entranced.

When his political appeal began to pull, there was the under-the-table unmaking of the unknown 22-year old *Julie*. The young-father period followed.

As political opponents shook their fists in frustration and the headlines jumped about a man who could produce two children as Christmas Day. When Margaret did her thing in the delight of the London tobacco and her husband said with such superb grace and dignity, public sympathy and political talent washed all his way. In each phase—husband, newby, father, abandoned husband—he has intrigued the public and garnered votes.

Now, just as his political appeal is fading once more, we have glibly Maggie and more push? I tried to sort out any confusion in the boys' minds about values and ethics. By the end of a one-week stand. I had had enough. Ryan's own, his self-obsession—be as too much for me? The winner out of *Consequences*, whatever the royalties, will be Pierre. Margaret's son, in the end, is that the intrusion of her juvenile blatherings may prove to have given lucky Pierre a limitless coastline on his tenure.

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